

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE BEST OF
AMERICAN LIFE
IN FICTION FACT
AND COMMENT

VOLUME 97 NO. 6

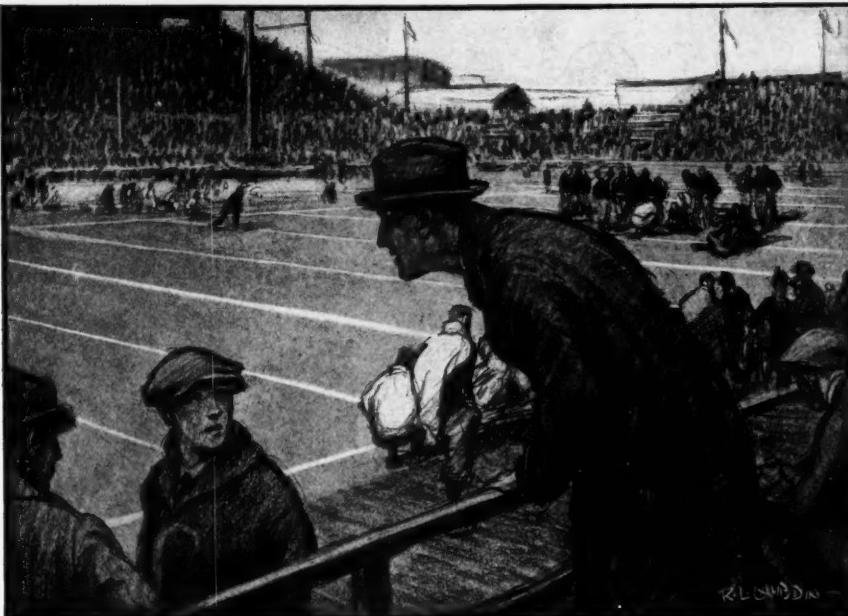
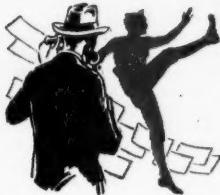


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GOING UP!



Here was a chance in a thousand! If he failed, it would not be because he had not tried

THE president of the Cotter Printing Company, D. T. Cotter, better known in printing circles as "old D. T." sat in his cubby private office with his chin resting on his broad chest—a position that he invariably assumed when something of unusual importance occupied his mind.

Suddenly he straightened up and with his forefinger pressed the buzzer at the side of his desk. An instant later Mr. Graves, the head salesman, entered the room and stood before him.

"Who's handling our Oakland business?" Mr. Cotter asked sharply and, leaning back in his chair, rested his bald head against his locked hands. "Or is it just naturally handling itself?"

Mr. Graves put back behind his ear the pencil with which he had been toying and nervously cleared his throat. He had been expecting this interview for some time. "Young Hamilton has charge of it," he replied, knowing that the head of the firm was fully aware of the fact, and that his question was only his peculiar way of introducing the subject. "I sent him over after Goodwin had quit. He's been on the job about six months."

"You've said it, Graves!" the president replied sharply and brought his fist down upon the desk with such a thud that the ink bottle nearly turned a somersault. "He's been on the job all right—like a setting hen! About time he hatches a little business over in 'My City Oakland,' as the chamber-of-commerce fellows call it."

"You will probably remember our conversation on this very subject," Mr. Graves replied calmly. "You were just as willing as I to give the young man a chance."

No one loved an argument better than "old D. T." A faint smile showed on his wrinkled face as he slowly drummed with his fingers on the mahogany desk top.

"And you no doubt remember what I said about the fellow: 'An excellent young man, but lacking in self-reliance; good worker when there's some one

along to decide for him. He's a young fellow who is afraid to make a decision!'"

Mr. Graves shifted his weight from one foot to the other; apparently there was nothing more to be said on the subject. It was now "up to him" to get a new man for the Oakland office.

"I'd like to have something to say about the next choice, if I may be permitted the privilege," Mr. Cotter said with a sarcastic smile. "Have you anyone in mind at the present time?"

"Yes. Bud Hopkins."

"Old D. T." sprang to his feet like a young athlete and began pacing the floor furiously. For some moments he remained silent, but the head salesman could see his lips moving in silent denunciation of the choice. "Bud Hopkins!" the president fairly shouted at last. "What in the world do you think I'm running, a school for beginners? He wouldn't last a day on that job! When it comes to decision and self-reliance—" Mr. Cotter threw both hands into the air and sank despondently into his chair. "Why are you always taking the joy out of the printing game?" he whispered hoarsely.

A slight frown gathered on the salesman's brow, and his lower jaw set a little more firmly. He knew only too well the family grudge that "old D. T." nursed against Bud Hopkins. How well he remembered Bud's first days in the employ of the firm. Had not he, Graves, been instructed to place every obstacle in the beginner's way, even to assigning him to the Pacific Shipbuilding Corporation, the most cantankerous buyers of printing in San Francisco? When he finally spoke he did not mince his words. "He's one of the best young salesmen in the city, to say nothing of this firm. When you wanted to discourage him so that he would throw up his hands, what did you do? You gave him the hardest people in the city to call on.

The way Bud landed the shipyard printing is still the talk of the office! Let me tell you, Mr. Cotter, that the only way you can get rid of that fellow is to put a discharge slip into his pay envelope. Hard work and impossible clients are apple pie to him!"

"Old D. T." began to scratch his head. "I admire your frankness in defense of the young man," he answered, "but listen here, Graves. How do you know what he will do when there is no one to guide him? Take a lame man's crutch and he's helpless!"

"I'll pay for the dinners if Bud falls down without his crutch," the head salesman said. "His middle name is resourcefulness."

"We'll see about that," replied "old D. T." and the light of battle was in his eyes.

The following Saturday morning the inevitable tule fog that cloaks San Francisco during the fall and early winter was reluctant to give way to the sun. Like a great gray blanket it hung stubbornly over the city until the eaves and window sills were dripping jewels, and the streets were as wet as after a shower.

"This is sure some weather for the football game!" exclaimed Bud Hopkins from his desk near the window. "By two o'clock the field will be made to order. I'm here to announce that California will shove Nevada all over the lot."

Although the information was addressed to no one in particular, every head was turned Bud's way. The subject was popular; everyone was going to the game.

"Leave it to the native son to boost for the home team," said Brooks, the loose-leaf expert.

Under ordinary conditions the remark would have caused an argument, but good cheer was supreme that morning. There was a feeling that, if anyone were to ask "old D. T." for an increase in salary, in all probability he would grant it at once and

would ask no embarrassing questions either.

To Bud the morning was the longest in all his office experience. Would twelve o'clock never come? Even Mr. Cotter and Mr. Graves, as if unable to endure waiting longer, departed about half past eleven with a cheerful reminder that they hoped to see everyone out at Recreation Park. But at last the clock threw up both hands, and everyone made a rush for the door. Bud Hopkins was halfway out of the building when some one shouted that he was wanted on the telephone. For a fleeting second Bud was tempted to ignore the summons and to continue on his way, but something deep within him made him turn and hasten back.

"Hang it all!" he muttered half aloud a few moments later and clapped the receiver back on the hook. "It's a wonder some people wouldn't do a little thinking on Saturday mornings!"

"What's the matter, old man? Has the game been called off?" asked Brooks, grinning.

Dejected, Bud told him in mournful tones of the telephone message: the Western Advertising Service wanted to see him about some printing right away.

The two walked up the street in silence. As they were approaching their favorite restaurant Bud had a happy thought. Turning to Brooks, he said:

"I believe I'll dash up and see those people instead of eating; I can get a frankfurter at the game. Don't forget to spread out a bit so that I can have a seat when I reach the park. I'll see you in the left-hand bleachers."

"Good luck, old man," Brooks called, but Bud did not hear; he had already gone.

Ten minutes later he entered the Humboldt Building; and in less than three minutes he stepped from the elevator at the tenth floor and entered the office of the Western Advertising Service. "May I speak to Mr. Brewer about that order for the Cotter Printing Company?" he asked the clerk.

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February 8, 1923

"Mr. Brewer is busy just now. He'll be free in a few moments. Won't you be seated?"

Bud thanked the girl and sank into a chair near the window. Presently his gaze wandered across the city, which now was basking in the warm sunshine. What a day for the big game! Market Street cars were crowded with eager men and women on their way to Recreation Park. By two o'clock there would scarcely be standing room. He groaned audibly and muttered under his breath. Would that door to the inner office never open? He glanced at his watch. One o'clock! "Game at two-fifteen," he said aloud. He would tell the office girl of his football engagement and return early Monday morning. Mr. Brewer would understand that all printing shops are closed on Saturday afternoons. Yes, in the circumstances that was the only thing for him to do. But at quarter past one Bud was still sitting there, undecided.

Then the door to the inner office swung on its hinges, and he was ushered in. "Sorry to keep you waiting so long," Brewer said in greeting and then motioned him to a seat. Bud said something about its being "all right" and drew a chair near the desk. He did not see the quickly suppressed smile that had shown for a moment on the other's clean-shaven face; Bud was not in an observing mood; he was too intent on making the interview short.

"Here's an eight-page booklet," continued Mr. Brewer, handing him a dummy and several sheets of typewritten copy. "I have counted the words and want the body matter set in ten-point Caslon Old Style. The headings are marked eighteen-point Caslon italic. You will find places indicated for three cuts, two of which I will give you and a third, a half-tone of Russian River, which you will get from my client, Mr. Arthur Hill, at the Palace Hotel. He will be waiting there for you this afternoon."

Bud swallowed a lump that had been gathering in his throat and nodded understandingly.

"Unfortunately," Mr. Brewer continued, "my client is leaving on the Shasta Limited for Seattle tonight at seven o'clock and wishes to take the proofs with him. He is willing to pay all overtime and extra expense incurred. Do you think you can deliver the goods?"

Bud Hopkins's eyes were fixed on the face of a little desk clock before him. In ten minutes the players would be lined up for the kick-off. He wondered whether California would win the pick of positions on the field; would they have the wind in their favor? He gulped. "That is a very uncertain question," he answered Mr. Brewer. "It is doubtful whether I can find the linotype operator to set the type; the printers all quit at twelve, you know."

"But I am depending on you to give me service." It was evident that Mr. Brewer was a bit nettled. "I telephoned to you just as soon as I received the order. What am I to do?"

The salesman for the house of Cotter stood up and reached for his hat. The strong impulse to serve his customer in the best manner possible was urging him to act, and for the moment the football game was out of his thoughts. "I don't promise a thing that's impossible," he replied slowly, "but I'll do the best I can. Where shall I deliver the proof?"

"In my office not later than six o'clock. Some one will be here to meet you."

Bud picked up the copy and the cuts and walked toward the door.

"I am depending on you," said Mr. Brewer, slapping him on the back.

Bud Hopkins made no reply, so impressed was he with the responsibility that had been suddenly thrust upon him. But again on the sidewalk he saw the crowded cars, and a feeling akin to anger came over him. Why had he accepted such an impossible contract? No experienced salesman would have undertaken it! Bud frowned. He would let the whole matter go by the board and attend the game. At the end of the first half he could telephone to Mr. Brewer that it would be impossible to deliver the proof; he could mail it on Monday morning. Why hadn't he thought of that scheme before? Now he would have to move pretty fast, for otherwise Brooks would think that he had failed him.

Bud unconsciously found himself headed down Market Street toward the Palace Hotel. Several times he collided with unobserving pedestrians as he hurriedly zigzagged through the crowded thoroughfare. At the door of the hotel he barely missed knocking the colored footman down; the man

turned and, gazing at him with blinking eyes, muttered something about a "white cyclone."

"I have an appointment to meet a guest of the hotel, a Mr. Hill," Bud said to the bell captain. "Will you call him?"

"Mr. Hill just stepped out; he said he would return soon, as he was expecting some one."

Bud's heart pounded. "Did he leave a little package for me? My name is Hopkins."

adjust it. "By the way, young fellow," he said, "the taxi man is waiting outside!"

"Going to use him," replied Bud as he dashed from the offices. Then as he reached the street, "Recreation Park," he said to the driver and jumped into the car. "And, say," he added, "I'm in an awful hurry!"

"Fair enough!" answered the driver.

But Bud did not hear. The taxicab had started with a jerk and in a few moments

chance in a thousand! If he failed, it would not be because he had not tried. "Pardon me, my friend, but may I ask you to do me a great favor?" he said to the timekeeper earnestly.

The man looked at him askance, as you might regard a professional beggar.

"Would you page a Mr. Arthur Hill?" Bud continued. "He is wanted on very important business. Tell him to go to the box office. I will wait for him there. Thank you."

Evidently impressed, the timekeeper trotted out into the field and began shouting at the top of his voice through a megaphone that he had borrowed from the California cheer leader. "Mr. Arthur Hill! A call for Mr. Arthur Hill! He is wanted at the box office!"

Bud was waiting impatiently near the gate. Presently a heavy-set man in gray tweeds came out of the bleachers and hurried toward the box office. "Where's that message for Mr. Hill?" he asked in a gruff voice.

The attendant looked blankly at him, but Bud had overheard. "I'm the message!" he replied. "Have you a cut in your pocket for me? I missed you at the Palace."

The other chuckled to himself. "I forgot all about that appointment, although I did wait round the hotel a little while for you. A man would almost forget his lunch to attend a game like this! Here's the cut. Will the booklet be ready on time?"

"The job is as good as done!" replied Bud and ran for the taxicab.

When he entered the composing room again the operator was working on the last page of copy. It was quarter past five by the clock on the wall.

"Can we make it?" asked Bud, pulling off his coat. "I'll give you a hand, making up the rule borders. Had a time getting one of the cuts, but I got it all right."

Half an hour later after a great deal of hard work the eight pages were made up and proved. Only fifteen minutes remained to get them to the tenth floor of the Humboldt Building. Bud took the printer's time and increased it an hour by way of bonus; then he was gone.

It was five minutes to the hour when he stepped from the elevator and placed his hand on the door knob of the office of the Western Advertising Service. He wondered whether Mr. Hill would be there to receive him. He opened the door and entered; then he stopped suddenly like a man who has entered a private room by mistake. Two gentlemen were seated before him, Mr. Graves and "old D. T."

"I see you have a proof," said Mr. Cotter. "Yes, I received a telephone message about twelve o'clock. My client, Mr. Hill, leaves shortly for Seattle on the limited."

Bud did not catch the look that "old D. T." gave Mr. Graves; nor did he observe the appraising glance that both of them gave him. He was looking for the gentleman who was to receive the work. "I was told that some one would be here to take it," he said.

"Old D. T." was at once eager and asking questions. "How did you manage to get the type set? Who did you get to do it?" He appeared to be genuinely astonished.

"Easy enough," Bud replied. "After I had telephoned to every printer in your employ and found none at home I spent another ten minutes trying all the trade plants—with the same results. Then I telephoned the printers' headquarters and had their secretary send a taxi out to the house of the only available linotype operator in San Francisco —"

Mr. Graves interrupted the conversation with a burst of laughter and turned toward the astounded "D. T." "That's what you get for instructing all the men to be away from home—a taxi bill! Who said Bud wasn't self-reliant? Ask him how he got that cut of Russian River you planted on the dummy customer at the Palace." Mr. Graves made a megaphone of his hands. "Mr. Arthur Hill! A call for Mr. Arthur Hill!"

Bud stood in the middle of the office and looked blankly from one to the other. What were they talking about?

"I was a little afraid," the president said to him, and there was a new glint in "old D. T.'s" eyes, "that the management of the Oakland office would be too much for you; so I tried you out this afternoon. It is needless for me to say that you have more than made good."

Mr. Graves, watch in hand, reached for the telephone.

"Hello! Il Trovatore restaurant?—Have your special dinner ready tonight for three. Charge to Mr. D. T. Cotter."



No one loved an argument better than "old D. T."

"The only thing he left was his key," the captain replied and turned away.

As the disappointed salesman made his way through the revolving door he started half aimlessly back toward the office of the Cotter Printing Company. When he arrived there the big clock on the wall said three o'clock. It would take the rest of the day to set the type and make up the booklet. With the telephone number of the foreman and that of every member of the composing-room staff before him he set to work at once; but his calls brought no response. "All at the game," he growled, slamming back the receiver.

He frowned at the desk, then telephoned desperately to a half dozen or more printing plants, but with the same discouraging results. What was he to do? It would be impossible to set type by hand and to have the proof ready by six o'clock. He would telephone to Mr. Brewer and tell him of his failure. "He should have known better anyway," he thought, trying to comfort himself.

Suddenly a new idea came to the hungry and disheartened young salesman. Was it too late? He could hardly wait for the operator to get the number he called for. "Hello! Typographical headquarters?—This is the Cotter Printing Company speaking. Have you a linotype operator available immediately?—No?—Then how soon can you get one?—You say half an hour?—Send a taxi out to his house at our expense and get him down here just as fast as possible!"

Bud wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead and then called the Palace Hotel. The bell captain told him that Mr. Hill had returned and, after waiting in the lobby for a while, had gone out to Recreation Park. No, he had left no package!

Poor Bud! Why hadn't he waited for Mr. Hill? Up and down the office he walked, alternately clasping and unclasping his hands. It seemed to him that he had exhausted every means within his power to achieve the impossible. All his work had gone for nothing! True, if worst came to worst, he could leave a blank space for the missing cut, but then his proof would be incomplete; and he had always prided himself on finishing his work.

A knock at the door announced the operator. "I certainly am glad to see you!" Bud greeted him. "But we have no time to lose. This proof must be at its destination by six o'clock. You'll find everything marked. I'll make it worth your while if you get it set in time!"

"Have to shake a leg," said the linotype operator, glancing quickly through the copy. "Where's the machine?"

Bud led the way to the linotype machine, and the operator began immediately to



The eight pages were made up and proved

again," some one remarked close to Bud. "Hard luck for Henderson, all right!"

A timekeeper came over near where Bud was standing and elbowed in against the fence. Bud turned to him eagerly. Here was a



THE STRAWBERRY GIRLS

By Helen Milecete Duffus

Chapter Nine

The road to the King's Palace

"WELL, that's over," said Nan forlornly. As the morning train with their mother on board rolled out of the station, she took Billy's hand, and the two trudged up the road toward home.

Billy was snuffling as he led Doll and the Boarder, whose lives had been too precious to risk unchained near a train, and Nan was shivering in Lil's last year's suit. Her own new suit, warm and pretty, lay at the bottom of her mother's trunk, and her mother did not know it!

"She'll just have to wear it and look nice," Nan thought gayly. "And anyhow she is going to be away only a week."

Nevertheless, the house seemed remarkably dreary when Nan and Billy returned from school and classes in the early dark of the afternoon, and it seemed drearier as the next few days crawled by. To Rose's secret dismay her admonition, "You're to do just as you would if your ma was here," was wasted. Nan assumed all her mother's duties, and Billy promptly went to her aid. He wiped his boots when he came in, learned his lessons without grumbling and got up in the morning without being called. Nan's devotion to the mending basket was almost saintly, and she did her sewing without leaving so much as a snip of cloth on the floor of the living room—a state of things so unnatural that Rose found life incredibly dull.

It was an altercation with Mr. Fielding, the grocer to whom Mrs. Addington had sold all her summer produce, that first provided her with any excitement. He had paid scarcely any of the whole summer's money, and Rose was nothing if not a faithful steward. After sending a note and getting no satisfaction she trudged into the store one cold afternoon, but she accomplished little. Fielding either would not or could not pay, and after an hour's acrimonious battle Rose was obliged to return with nothing more than five dollars' worth of groceries to be credited on Mrs. Addington's bill. Rose was really angry; Fielding had had a week's grace on the date when he had promised to pay Mrs. Addington in full. The butcher's bill was owing, the winter coal had to be paid for; and there was no money for housekeeping.

As chilled and weary, Rose entered the house, she poked the kitchen fire viciously. "Praise mercy, the coal's here, paid for or not," she said crossly and turned to Nan, who was standing in the kitchen door. "Tea ain't ready, if that's what you want," she snapped. "For the land's sake, sit down and wait somewhere with Billy."

"Billy's come home from school with the earache," Nan replied, observing the snap in Rose's voice. "Do come and look at him, Rose. I'm afraid he's going to have croup."

"Croup don't begin in ears," Rose replied disdainfully.

But she was at Billy's side with warm oil and a hot piece of flannel almost as soon as she spoke; and a few minutes later she had hustled him off to bed. Shortly before ten o'clock she went to look at him; she had hoped to find him asleep, but Billy was dolefully wakeful. His ear was feverishly and miserably worse, and when he finally did go to sleep it was in Rose's comforting arms.

"He can't be going to no school today," Rose informed Nan in the morning. "He has a cold all over, and I'll keep him home."

Nan signified her assent with a self-absorbed grunt. Her work for the history class was not ready; she had slept during the morning hours when she had meant to study and had got up cross, and a letter from Lil had made her crosser, though it was only to say that she and her mother had been to a luncheon at the "Earlwolds" and that "mother looked quite nice in your new suit."

"Quite nice!" Nan shivered in Lil's old suit, which had never been warm even when it was new. "And me going out to freeze! I think mother might have written again and told me where she'd been in my clothes. I—oh, there, I've broken my shoe lace!"

It was too late to look for another, and Nan went down to breakfast with a knot digging into her ankle. She scolded Rose for not calling her, snapped at Doll and the Boarder for getting in her way and, furious with herself and with Rose for laughing at

her, went off to her classes. It was five o'clock when she returned, and for once she did not search out Billy, who was in the kitchen with Rose; instead she cast herself down by the fire with a book. She was deep in the Tale of Two Cities when a small voice at the door startled her.

"Nan," said Billy hoarsely, "I can't find Doll and the Boarder. Rose won't let me go out and call them, and I'm afraid they've gone somewhere."

"All right," Nan replied without looking up. "In a minute—when I've finished this chapter."

"But, Nan, they—" "They're all right," said Nan impatiently. "I'll go in a minute."

But one page and another turned under her fingers; and the chapter slid imperceptibly into another till a slow insidious draft of cold air brought her to her feet. "Who on earth!" she cried and was at the front door

the woodshed; they go there to hunt rats, and Wood shuts the door on them, and they're afraid there in the night."

Rose glanced at him and forbore to scold. By bedtime she also was worried. Billy had pain in his chest and a temperature.

In a tempest of regret and remorse Nan hung over him. "I'll get the doctor in the morning if he's not better," she said miserably, and Rose nodded.

In the morning it was evident that Billy was worse, and Nan hurried off before breakfast to fetch Dr. Marsh. But for once Dr. Marsh was no comfort; all he would say was that Billy had pleurisy, and that he himself would return before night. Nan stared at Rose as the door shut behind him. "Mother will be home in two days," she said hopefully.

"And I'll be glad to see her as I never was so glad for anything." Rose lifted her head to listen. "My land, Miss Nan, there's the

have for him if I have to tear Fielding's shop down," she said to Nan fiercely. "Now, Billy, lamb, you wait. Rose will get you oranges—and grapes!"

She had her hat and coat on and was in the wagon almost before old Wood had the pony harnessed, and the commotion that she created on her arrival at Fielding's shop will be remembered by the onlookers as long as they live. That Fielding had no fruit availed him nothing. Rose got what she wanted by dragging the grocer himself down the street to the rival establishment of the village, the window of which held fruit in plenty. Rose took hothouse grapes, grapefruit, oranges and lemons and made Fielding pay for them in hard dollars. Then she wrote him a receipt for the money. "And next year," she asserted for the benefit of all who were listening, "no strawberries, asparagus or sweet corn do you get from Mis' Addington while I'm within hail of her. No, sir! She hasn't no need to give her stuff away; nor she isn't a charitable society for providing lazy grocers with green stuff, and don't you forget it! Now you pay up quick all you owe her, so's I don't have to haul you round by the collar like this again!"

If it was a triumph, it was small comfort. Day by day, almost hour by hour, in spite of Dr. Marsh and of Rose and of Rose's good nursing, Billy grew steadily worse.

"He's drifting away; out on that road to the King's Palace he's sure going," sobbed Rose. "He talks about it, and he drives me near crazy; I feel as if I could scream. You don't think he's getting ready for it, do you?" she asked Nan, who only swallowed hard and could not answer. "Oh, I know he ain't quite right in his head, but to hear him whispering about that palace and the road to the moon and his mother—" Rose paused and caught her breath hard. "Well, there, I've cried and cried, and I guess I've just got to stop! I'll go and make us some real strong coffee. I guess it'll do us both good."

But even after they had finished drinking the coffee neither of them could hide from the other that they were growing desperate. No letter at all had come from Mrs. Addington in answer to the frantic daily notes that Nan had sent her; there was nothing from Lil; there was nothing even from Cousin Adelaide, the punctilious, except a casual telegram or two, saying merely, "Mother doing very well," or, "Everything all right; don't be anxious."

"You might think we'd never even mentioned to one of 'em that Billy was dying!" Rose exclaimed. "Or else going to New York has turned them all crazy! Why, grip or no grip, I'd have thought your ma would have come on the first train. Do you suppose she ain't even read your letters?"

Nan turned a white but curiously steady face to Rose's, which was red with weeping. "I don't believe she's ever had them, Rose," she said slowly. "I—I think mother must be very ill too,—for all I know, nearly as ill as Billy,—and they're not letting her have her letters or anything that might worry her. Cousin Adelaide's like that, you know, dreadfully thorough! I don't believe mother knows."

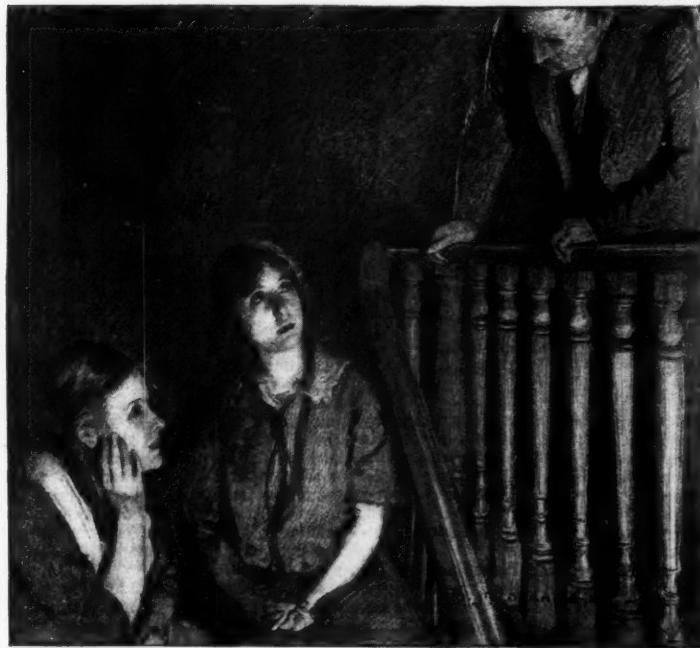
"But, land's sake, your cousin and Lil know! What's the matter with one of them coming? You've wrote and told them often enough. I don't see why one of 'em don't even answer a letter. We've got to do something right now today that'll make 'em tell your ma!"

"I don't see what," said Nan chokingly. "I've telegraphed to Cousin Adelaide's flat twice,—once to her and once to Lil,—and neither of them has even answered me unless those mother-better wires of cousin's are supposed to be answers. I—I don't know what to do!"

"I guess there ain't anything we can do. If it's to be this way it's to be this way." Rose's voice was rougher than Nan had ever heard it. "I guess we'll pull through. He ain't dying yet, if he is bad. You go now and sponge his face for him careful while I get a mite of rest."

But for a person who for a week had spent her nights in nursing Rose took a queer way to rest. For ten long minutes she stood by the kitchen table, staring vacantly at the white oilcloth. It was more than a fortnight since Mrs. Addington had gone; but Rose suddenly marked the days off on the kitchen calendar.

"My land, it's most three weeks," she said



And not till two o'clock in the morning did Dr. Marsh come to look over the banisters. "Billy's better," he said quietly

with one jump. It was wide open to the cold, dark sleetting rain. "Billy!" she shouted. "My goodness, he's gone out!"

Hatless and coatless, she ran out after him through the sleet that chilled her to the bone. But there was no sign of Billy anywhere. "Doll, Boarder, Billy," Nan called peremptorily, running down the garden path, first to the stable, then to the woodshed. But there was no sense in looking in the woodshed; Billy could not open the door! She was turning away when she heard a voice through the dark:

"Nan, come here quick! I hear them; they're inside."

Nan ran and seized a drenched small boy who was struggling valiantly with the bolt on the woodhouse. "Go back to the house quick," she commanded. "You'll catch more cold. Run! I'll get the dogs out."

But the stiff bolt stuck even under Nan's strong fingers. How long, she wondered, had the little boy been struggling with it in the sleet and cold while she was absorbed in a book by the fire? It took her five minutes to free the captives, which fled for the house and Billy as if they had been away for years. Nan, racing after them, found that Rose had caught Billy, who was soaked to the skin, and was putting him to bed.

But his teeth kept on chattering even when he was wrapped in a blanket and was drinking hot lemonade. Nan gave a despairing glance at him. "It's my fault, Rose," she lamented. "I was reading, and I didn't go for the dogs when he asked me to. Why didn't you make me, Billy?"

"I couldn't, Nan. I didn't believe you'd ever go," Billy gasped. "I knew they'd be in

postman now; pray there's something from your ma about coming!"

Nan hastened into the hall and stood speechless. There was only one letter, and it was not from her mother but from Cousin Adelaide. And Cousin Adelaide said—

"Rose," Nan blurted fiercely, "mother isn't coming this week at all. Cousin Adelaide says she's in bed; that it's only a slight attack of grip, but she isn't fit for a cold journey."

Something like a cold hand touched Rose's honest heart. "I guess you'll have to write to her to come as soon as she can," she said slowly. "I don't mean Billy's so sick exactly,—Dr. Marsh said I could do for him as well and better any trained nurse he wasn't used to,—but the child's apt to fret for his ma, and he ain't such a strong little chap anyway. You write, Miss Nan, real careful, and say we'll do the best we can for a day or two, but it will be a mercy when Mis' Addington gets home."

Nan, sitting by Billy all that day and the next, agreed with Rose. If ever a child needed his mother it was Billy. As he lay in his feverish bed he tossed and turned and moaned and with his hot little hands pushed Rose's hot drinks and milk away from his cracked lips. "I want an orange," he whispered. "O Nannie, couldn't you get me an orange? My throat's so dry. I do want an orange!"

"I know—" Nan began helplessly and glanced at Rose. "Fielding has none," she whispered. "I went this morning. He hadn't anything."

Billy began to cry weakly and bitterly; but there was something so quiet and resigned in the pitiful little face that he hid in the bedclothes that Rose's heart rebelled. "Fruit I'll

under her breath. "I've kind of lost count of the days while Billy's been so bad. It ain't natural, all this crazy not hearing; I've got to do something, and I just pray the Lord to show me what I can do!"

What indeed? Unknown to Nan, Rose had written twice, once to Mrs. Sinclair and once to Mrs. Addington; and there was no mincing matters in her trenchant statements. If those had failed—

"Well, I guess there ain't anything else to try," said Rose shortly, "except to keep going. My land, that iron Nan left on the stove is red-hot!"

Why she did not take her asbestos iron holder to lift Nan's forgotten iron is a mystery, for it was hanging straight in front of her. Instead she knelt wearily at the cupboard where she kept the brown paper from the family parcels neatly folded for future use. The thick piece on top would do, the piece with the white printed label on it, the white label that—Suddenly as she looked at it unseeingly something about the white label seemed to leap at her like a thing alive.

"It's it," she said slowly. "And even if it ain't, I'll try it. Anyway it's something to do!"

Whatever it was, she did it. But she never took Nan's iron off the stove or told Nan what had happened to it.

Both of them had other things to think about perhaps—the fluid on Billy's lungs, which increased instead of decreasing; Dr. Marsh's frown as he looked at him; the three long days that dragged by without a word from his mother; and, worst of all, the night when Dr. Marsh came in and told Nan quietly that he had telegraphed for a specialist from New York and expected him on the nine-o'clock train.

"But—" Nan clutched Dr. Marsh's arm as he stood beside her in the forlorn living room that for once had not been dusted for a week. "O Dr. Marsh, anything to save Billy, I know! But I haven't any money. I can't pay him!"

"That's all right; I'll manage that. Your mother can settle with me later on." But, though Dr. Marsh's kindly hand was on Nan's shoulder, he was thinking of something else. "That boy's mother ought to know how seriously ill he is, Nan! Why on earth doesn't she come home?"

Nan stared at him blankly. Days and nights of worry and fear had taken all the color from her face, and now something that she dared not name took the courage from her heart. If Billy died, it would be her fault for having let him run out that day in the wind and sleet. And unless her mother came—For the first time Nan broke down. "I can't help it about mother," she sobbed. "I've written and written, and I believe she must be ill too, and they're not giving her her letters. She's never even answered me about Billy, and Cousin Adelaide—"

But with her cousin's name Nan poured forth all her misery—her long days of waiting for letters that never came, the desperate telegrams she was sure her mother had never received.

"She'll get one from me, then!" exclaimed Dr. Marsh grimly, whisking a night-letter form from his pocket and beginning to fill in the heading. "I'll promise you that even your Cousin Adelaide won't dare to keep this from your mother. Even if you're right, and she is ill, it's a fool idea to keep word of Billy's danger from her; and I'll tell Mrs. Sinclair so too. There," he said and added two words with frowning energy, "I'll send that down by the car that's bringing my colleague up from the station, and you'll see whether it won't do better than those letters Mrs. Addington never gets! What's that, Rose?"

Rose, red-eyed and brought down for one minute from her endless watch over Billy, stood in the doorway. "I guess there's one letter Mrs. Addington's got," she replied harshly, "and that's from me. I wrote to her three days ago and sent the letter to young Johnston Earwood. And I told him good and strong that Billy's ma had got to know he mightn't get no better; and I bet she does know—by now!"

"But we hadn't Johnston's address!" cried Nan.

Rose sniffed scornfully. "You hadn't!" she retorted absently. "Doctor, please come right up to Billy. He—my land, who's this?"

She whirled and stared at a quiet-faced man who had come in silently from the front hall, but for once she said nothing to Nan's whispered answer. Nor, miracle of miracles for Rose, did she even open her mouth when Dr. Marsh's night telegram had gone, and he and the specialist had shut the door of Billy's room on her and Nan; she did nothing except

to hurry to the sick room the boiling water and the sterilized towels that one or the other had always ready for Dr. Marsh's quick hand. When that business was done Rose cried as she sat on the stairs beside Nan—Nan, who was long past tears.

And not till two o'clock in the morning did Dr. Marsh come to look over the banisters. "Billy's better," he said quietly. "Do you hear me? Only wants food and nursing now, and that he'll get, I know! Coffee and sandwiches, Rose, please. And then get to bed to be fresh for the morning. The doctor and I will finish out the night."

Nan declared afterwards that Rose hugged the strange doctor before he went away the next morning. That may well be, but his directions left the pair staring at each other where they stood beside Billy—a new Billy, sleeping as he had not slept for days. "Oysters, cream, beef tea, jelly—Billy's to have all

of 'em," Rose whispered heavily; "and thirty-five cents is all we've got in the house, and your ma never runs bills!"

"She needn't now," said Nan calmly. "I'll go out and I'll get everything for Billy. I'm going to sell the Crown Derby bowl. That lady who started the new Woman's Exchange down in the village told mother that she'd give her twenty-five dollars for it any day."

"What?" Rose would have shrieked except for Billy. "That old china bowl Billy had for a crown on the idol that day your cousin first came here? Why, your ma's had it for years, and I don't believe it would fetch twenty-five cents. I don't believe in that Woman's Exchange either. I never saw any cake in their window I'd be hired to eat. And your ma might be real mad too!"

"She won't; not if the money's for Billy! And I'd go down and sell the bowl to the

Exchange anyway!" Nan's mouth set as she slid out of Billy's room to put on her coat and hat and remained set while she wrapped up the Crown Derby bowl. Since the undependable Fielding was the only source from which they could expect money, she dared not start any bills. Cousin Adelaide might send her the money perhaps; but Nan's faith in Cousin Adelaide was shaken. "Since even Rose's wages have never come, besides no answers to my letters, it means I've just got to sell the bowl!" she thought desperately.

With the doomed bowl under her arm she flung open the front door and stopped abruptly on the veranda. Huge in a fur overcoat and pulling fur motor gloves from his stiff hands Mr. Perry Earlwood, Johnston's father, who had sent her the books on fruit farming that she had never used, was coming up the path to the house!

TO BE CONCLUDED.

DRAWINGS BY
CHARLES
LIVINGSTON BULL



Brown at his logging operations

BROWN AND HIS TEETH By C.A. Stephens

a snowdrift near the bank of a large brook. During the previous week there had been a January thaw with rain, followed by sharp cold and a snowstorm; it is likely that the thaw had flooded the beaver out of his winter house. The two loggers had never seen a beaver before, for at that time beavers were scarce in the Maine woods. They had thought that the animal they had found was the king and father of all the muskrats!

After we had examined him the man carried him into the wagon house adjoining the woodhouse and shut him under a large pine box, turned bottom up and weighted with half a dozen loose bricks. But the next morning there was a large hole in the side of the box and no beaver inside. We boys discovered him behind the oats bin and captured him by throwing a horse blanket over him. Then from a thousand of loose bricks that were piled against the wall at the back of the wagon house we laid a pen for him in the far corner of the building; we covered the top with a sheet-iron fireboard such as folk use to close up a fireplace.

We supposed that we had him where he would be unable to gnaw out, but on the following morning we found that he had chiseled a hole through the pine planks of the floor and had descended into the dark space beneath.

At the same time grandmother, who had gone to the cellar of the farmhouse to fetch butter for breakfast, was startled to see a large brown animal leap down from a vegetable bin and give the floor a loud slap with his tail. She came up in haste without her butter, but she soon learned that

He had turned to run back . . . But he was too late



the intruder was merely the beaver, which had come along beneath the woodhouse and had entered the cellar, where he had been eating carrots. But when we tried to catch him he retired beneath the wagon house, and as it was not easy to reach him there, we let him alone.

Later we found that in the course of three days he had made a comfortable nest for himself of straw, chaff, hay and other litter that he had brought from beneath the floor of the stable, which adjoined the wagon house. And at the end of several days we discovered that the vegetables, particularly the carrots, were rapidly disappearing from the cellar of the house; indeed several bushels were gone. The beaver no doubt was hoarding them in his nest. It was easy enough to put a stop to the thieving by walling up with bricks the aperture beneath the woodhouse into the cellar.

After that we saw nothing more of our beaver for six or eight weeks and nearly forgot him. I suppose he was living on his stolen store.

In March, however, he made his appearance in the woodhouse and gnawed sticks of green wood that had bark on them; and about that time too he made himself unpopular with the old squire by going outdoors and felling two small mountain-ash trees that had stood behind the wagon house. He ate most of the bark on the branches and probably would have continued his logging operations in the garden and orchard had we not begun feeding him rutabaga turnips such as we gave to the cattle.

Brown—as the girls named him—waxed sleek on the turnips and by April had become so tame that we could stroke him as you would stroke a cat, and he seemed to be quite as fond of it as a cat is. If frightened, he would give a leap, then a scoot forward; then slap! would come his heavy tail on the floor. When cuffed he would squall pitifully and for some time afterwards would sit and shake his head.

One night early in May he went to the goose pond, and before morning he had cut down the one willow tree that stood by it; the trunk was perhaps six inches in diameter. The act displeased grandmother greatly, for in hot weather her geese were accustomed to sit on the water in the shade of the willow.

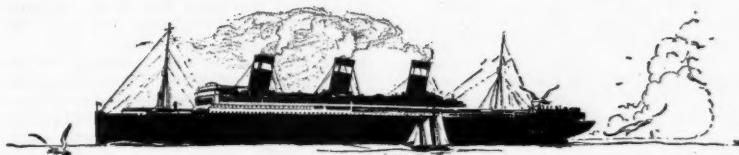
Now that the tree was down it was of no use to disturb the beaver, and during the next two months he cut the trunk and the branches into logs, each about two feet long, and, working mostly at night, made desultory attempts to build with them a dam across the little rill that ran from the pond. But he did not complete the dam, probably because he was disturbed a good deal, and at last he returned to his nest under the wagon house. The girls fed him frequently with dry crusts of bread; and really he liked bread and rutabagas much better than he liked tree bark. After every few nights, however, we could see that he had been to the goose pond again and had put in a few fagots and done a little plastering with mud. Instinct prompted him to work there, but, now that the necessity that had implanted the instinct in his ancestors no longer drove him to work, he soon left off and came back to his rutabagas and bread.

But in September the wild, provident instinct of the animal revived again, more

BUILDING THE LEVIATHAN



By Ralph E. Cropley



powerfully. He now set to work every night and in the course of a week completed a typical beaver dam of fagots, mud and grass, which raised the goose pond fully a foot. He even carried sticks of stove wood all the way from the woodpile, and sometimes he worked by day. Whenever any of us boys drew near he would sit up and glance at us out of the corner of his eye in a most knowing manner.

My cousin Addison thought we might breed beavers for their skins there at the goose pond, and, since we all wished to see whether he would build a house, we drew a small load of green poplar wood there from the wood lot. Brown appeared to know just what the wood was for, and now that his dam was done, he began to put up a house in the middle of the pond where the water was perhaps three feet deep. He worked steadily and in the course of a fortnight had his house covered and "shingled" with grass and mud. Then he forsook his nest under the wagon house and lived in his own house, though he came round to the kitchen door for bread. He also raided the vegetable garden for carrots and turnips and carried away a quantity to store up.

During the latter part of September and in early October he would sit on top of his house for hours at a time, looking round. If a dog came along, he slid off and, giving the water a slap with his tail, dived down to the door of the house and went inside and remained there for a while. Dogs indeed troubled him a good deal, one dog especially, a large brindled mongrel that belonged to a boy neighbor of ours, Alfred Batchelder. The dog was a neighborhood nuisance and was always worrying poultry, calves and sheep and frequently sneaking about kitchen doors to pick up bones or to steal.

As a matter of fact there was not much love lost between Alfred and ourselves. He was a rude, bragging, arrogant boy and was much addicted to playing spiteful tricks. "I'd like to see Tige get hold of that beaver o' yours once!" he used to shout as he went by. "Tige would shake the liver out of him!"

In fact Alfred slyly set the dog on poor Brown every time he passed and saw the beaver out. "Sick 'em!" he would exclaim in low tones; then he would stand by the roadside wall to see Tige race down across the field to the pond. The thing became so provoking that Addison talked of shooting the dog, but the old squire forbade him.

One morning while we were at breakfast we heard Tige bark—we knew his bark as well as we knew Alfred's voice—and ran out just in time to see the end of a very queer struggle. Brown evidently had been on his way from his house in the pond up to the kitchen door for his breakfast when Alfred and Tige had spied him; then, hearing the dog, no doubt he had turned to run back to the pond. But he was too late. Tige had caught up with him just as he reached the pond and had grabbed him by his very thick, fleshy tail close to his body. Feeling the dog's teeth, Brown whirled and gripped Tige by his tail, also close to his body.

When it came to tail chewing Brown instantly displayed the greater power. With two nips of those sharp, chisel-like teeth of his he bit Tige's tail nearly off, so that it hung by a bit of skin. The yell Tige gave could have been heard for half a mile. He lost his nerve too and, letting go his hold, bolted, howling, up through the field to his master. His tail was dragging on the ground, and as he ran he kept glancing back at it first on one side and then on the other.

Of course we boys laughed. I doubt whether a good fight and a decisive victory would have made us feel one half so jubilant. As for Alfred, he scarcely replied at all, but took his pet home to be doctored. Tige was a very bobtail dog to the end of his days.

What had happened probably cost Brown his life. Less than a week afterwards, during the time of the hunter's moon, some of our folks heard the report of a gun in the night; and the following morning we discovered the beaver lying dead in the pond beside his house, with just the tip of his big tail out of water. He had been shot through the head with a bullet, probably while he was sitting on his house.

Our first thoughts naturally were of our neighbor; yet we did not believe that Alfred was good marksman enough to hit a beaver by moonlight.

Some one, however, had fired the shot that ended the life of our pet. Grandmother had his skin made into a muff, and several years later the old lady gave it to my cousin Ellen, who still treasures it among the keepsakes of our young days at the farm.

THANKS to photography most people know how a ship looks. Still it can be said that the most man in the street knows about a ship is that it is hollow and that it sinks when torpedoed. He reads about the achievements of the Leviathan, but how she is able to drive along at full speed through the towering waves of a howling gale as easily as she does over a calm sea, and why she floats upright instead of toppling over on her side, he hasn't the faintest idea, if indeed he ever gives the matter a thought. Nowadays people seem just to take things for granted.

THE SIZE OF THE SHIP

The Leviathan is nine hundred and fifty-five feet from bow to stern. At her widest part she is one hundred feet across. Her main hull without the superstructure—that is, the black part of her—is sixty-one feet high, of which forty feet is submerged when she has her fuel, her cargo and her passengers aboard. She weighs seventy thousand tons, or more exactly, the volume of water that her submerged part displaces weighs seventy thousand tons avoirdupois.

How, then, is a floating hotel like the Leviathan created? How was it decided what length, breadth, depth and speed she should have? How was it possible to devise and unite the million and one parts so that she might become as safe as a hotel ashore?

Before the Leviathan or any other ship is even designed on paper infinitely laborious experiments and calculations have to be made.

When the Leviathan was contemplated her builders desired that she should be far and away the longest ship ever built, and that she should have the greatest tonnage, both gross and displacement, and that she should equal the speed of the Mauretania, which is twenty-five knots an hour. As the Leviathan was to be more than one hundred and sixty feet longer and twenty-two thousand gross tons bulkier than the Mauretania, the problem of speed alone required deep forethought. First, the form of the ship below the water line had to be such as to give a sufficient displacement and at the same time speed. An express liner like the Leviathan, which has a V-shaped underbody forward, draws considerable water—a fact that in itself was a big problem. Though Ambrose Channel in New York will take vessels that draw forty feet of water at high tide, there are few other harbors that a ship with a draft of forty feet can enter. An important consideration in connection with the displacement and under-water body of the Leviathan was that of reserve buoyancy, which is represented by the height of the vessel above the water—usually termed "freeboard." The height must be a certain proportion of the total volume of the ship.

WHEN A SHIP ROLLS

The next most important consideration was that of stability, which means the resistance of a vessel to the tendency to capsize. A ship rolls in a seaway, but few of us realize that she returns to the vertical position because of natural inclination. That is owing in the first place to the avoirdupois weight of the ship and the disposition of the cargo and of other weights, and in the second place to the shape of the hull. In scientific terms: "The stability of a ship is the effort that she makes to return to the upright position after being inclined, owing to her weight acting downward through the centre of gravity and to the effort of her buoyancy acting upward through the centre of buoyancy, which two forces act as a lever."

Sometimes vessels have too much stability—a thing that is caused by a ship's having too much breadth as compared with her length and also to the disposition of the weights on board. Such a ship rolls a great deal, not quickly but in a wide arc, like the pendulum of a clock; consequently she strains herself. In such a ship the greater part of the weight is concentrated low in the hull; thereby the

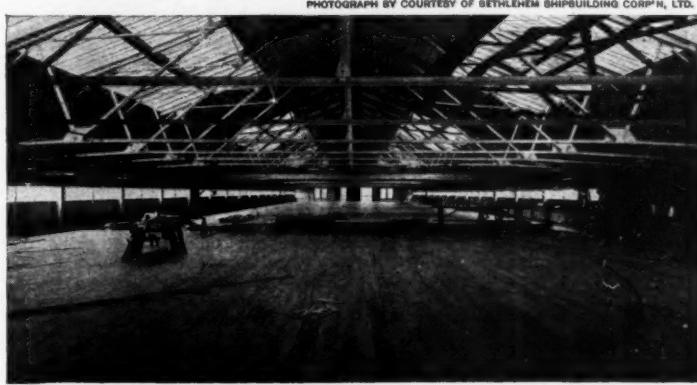
centre of gravity is lowered and the length of the righting lever between the centre of gravity and the centre of buoyancy is increased.

Furthermore, a ship like the Leviathan, though she is as palatial as the finest hotel ashore, rests on a foundation of water and is subject to all kinds of strains from the ever-changing support she gets from the sea. Sometimes the foundation is more substantial amidships than fore and aft. Then again it will be more substantial at the bow and stern than amidships. Consequently, the ship has a tendency to break in two. The first strain is called "hogging"; the second is called "sagging." If a ship were too lightly built, and her bow and stern were supported on waves while the water amidships fled from under her, she would close up on herself like a jackknife. Then there is a transverse strain, which tends to alter the shape of a vessel and to push her askew as you would push a flexible cardboard box. When you

actual construction of the vessel might begin. After the lines of the Leviathan had been decided on paper it was necessary to check them up to learn whether any errors had crept in and had been overlooked. For, if errors should appear after the actual construction of the ship had begun, there would be costly delay. Checking up the lines of a vessel is one of the most responsible tasks in the whole evolution of the ship. For that purpose all shipbuilders do as the builders of the Leviathan did; they used a scrive board, which is nothing more than a wide hinged blackboard hundreds of feet long, laid flat on the floor of what is called the "mould loft." To the blackboard the paper designs of the Leviathan were transferred in chalk, but this time the drawings were the actual size that the vessel was to be! Thus mistakes that might easily have escaped notice on the small paper drawings became glaring. Every rib, every plate, every rivet hole was indicated.

IN THE MOULD LOFT

The mould loft of a shipping plant is a fascinating place. There you are able to appreciate the untiring care and patience



The mould loft. On its immense floor are drawn the actual-size patterns of the great ship

build an ocean-going boat there are a thousand and one things to consider, especially when you build such a monster as the Leviathan. A mistake or two would mean a terrible waste of money and hopes blasted.

With such problems facing him the builder of the Leviathan wanted to make sure at the beginning that the vessel would not be a "fizzle" or a death trap. So he made a toy model of her hull in wax—"naked form," as he called it. In accordance with mathematical calculations the model corresponded in shape to a full-size ship. He made many other diminutive models, each successive one of which varied from its predecessor in some detail. One had a very much sharper bow, another had a finer run aft, and so on.

The builder then took his models to an experimental tank, which might be likened to a narrow swimming pool seven or eight hundred feet long; technically it is called a tank. Suspended across it was a bridge on wheels—really tiny traveling crane made like those used in steel mills or in railway yards to lift heavy weights. On the traveling bridge the builder had mounted delicate instruments; the diminutive models, which he had attached rigidly to the bridge, were now to be tested afloat. Controlled by electricity, the bridge traveled the length of the tank at various speeds, and the delicate instruments recorded the effect of the water—the resistance and so forth—on each model tested. From the accumulation of technical data obtained the marine architect and shipbuilder decided on the best shape to make the hull of the Leviathan in order that she might not only do the work that her prospective owner required her to perform but might do it as economically as possible and above all with no damage to herself from the stress of wind and wave.

It was then and only then, after those exhaustive tests, that the architect might "lay down the lines"; that is, design the ship on paper, make a drawing from which the

needed even before the keel of the vessel is laid on the stocks. Paper designs and mathematical calculations can have only a passing interest for the layman; seeing a ship actually drawn out full size cannot but impress the most lethargic person with the romance of the shipbuilder's art.

The patterns, which were now to be taken from this huge drawing of the Leviathan, were reproduced in wood. Shipyard people call them "templates." So exact do they have to be that they even show where the rivets are to be placed to hold each part to its fellow. Patterns of every conceivable part of the Leviathan were distributed to a hundred different departments of the shipyard, where they were reproduced in steel. Some departments made plates for the sides; some simply punched rivet holes in the plates after they were made; some bent steel bars to form the curving ribs or frames of the ship.

BENDING STEEL

The bending shop of a shipyard is a huge place with many glowing furnaces in which bars of steel forty or fifty feet long are heated red-hot. Near the furnaces are huge oblong slabs of iron six inches and more in thickness—gratings with holes about an inch and a half square, spaced four inches apart in all directions. On such a perforated slab as that a wooden pattern of a rib is laid as it comes from the mould loft. Then a chalk line is drawn round it as you would draw a pencil mark round anything laid on a piece of paper. The outline is tested to see that the contour is correct; then the wooden pattern is removed. Following the contour of the chalk mark, the workers place spikes, or "dogs," in the holes of the slab. The door of a near-by furnace is flung open, and a blast of hot air shoots out. With a pair of pincers about ten feet long a man reaches into the glowing mouth and pulls out a bar of red-hot steel. Having been made flexible

THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

February 8, 1923

by the heat, the steel is easily bent to the required curve made by the spikes on the perforated slab, and when it cools it retains it. In that way a bar of steel became one of the ribs of the ship.

In other shops huge machines bit a sheet of steel into certain lengths, which became plates for the "skin" of the ship. The metal might have been an inch or more thick; that didn't matter; the machine is able to masticate it. Another machine punched rivet holes as if the steel were merely leather. Still another machine shaved it as if it were soft pine; and a beveling machine readily forced back the right angle of a plate with no more difficulty than you would have in bending a piece of cardboard. Reproducing in steel the wooden patterns made in the mould loft from the life-size drawings is nothing more than what the tailor does when with the aid of paper patterns he cuts a suit of clothes out of cloth.

HOW SHIP TAILORS "SEW"

The first actual "sewing" together of the pieces that the many hundreds of ship tailors have fashioned occurs when the keel is laid. In a ship like the Leviathan the keel is really a flat plate rather than the vertical bar that we are likely to imagine. The keel plate of the Leviathan is made of three thicknesses of plating that act as a bottom rubbing piece; riveted above and to it by means of angle bars is the centre keelson, the position of which is similar to the position of our backbones. The centre keelson extends from the bow to the stern and of course is made in sections. Yet it is so riveted together that it forms a massive girder to connect the two skins of plating that form the ship's outer and inner bottoms. When the keel plate has been laid and the centre keelson has been erected the floor plates, or various divisions of the double bottom, are placed in position. Then follows the erecting of the ship's frames, her ribs, so to speak. The framing usually begins amidships and while it is going on the covering of the ship's bottom with steel plates is completed.

Gradually as the various parts that have been cut out in the ship-tailor shop arrive the vessel grows to look like a huge skeleton, bare of arms and legs, something like the Thanksgiving turkey after it has been stripped of meat. Then deck beams make their appearance, and the ship resembles a house before the carpenters have begun to put on the clapboards or to lay the floors.

After the frames and beams are in position the steel plates that form the skin are placed on in rows, or "strakes," as the workers say. The sheets of plating vary in size and thickness, according to the strains they will have to withstand. Some of the plates on the Leviathan are more than fifty feet long, weigh more than five tons apiece and are indeed formidable to handle. As you would nail clapboards on a house, the workers rivet the plates to the skeleton of the ship by means of steel rivets one and one eighth inches in diameter. By the time the Leviathan was completed she had more than five million rivets, representing an aggregate weight of more than one thousand tons!

The flooring of the decks keeps pace with the plating, and soon the only space open to the sky is the gaping hole left to admit the engines and boilers after the ship has been launched. It was estimated that the Leviathan weighed nearly thirty thousand tons before she was sent overboard.

THE FOUR PROPELLERS

A steamship moves by forcing a mass of water in a direction opposite to her course. The paddle wheel, or propeller, takes hold of the water and by pushing it to the rear gives a forward thrust to the vessel. But before we speak of the engines it may be well to describe what is meant by "indicated horse power." Watt, who did so much for the steam engine, gave us the measure of power. He determined that the best a horse can do is to raise thirty-three thousand pounds one foot in a minute. That is what is meant by horse power as applied to an engine. Of course it is very doubtful whether a horse could accomplish such a feat, but it is good enough as a measure.

The Leviathan has four propellers, which means that she has four different turbine engines to drive them. Each engine is placed in its own water-tight compartment, separated from its fellows by a longitudinal bulkhead that extends the full length of the engine room and is provided with watertight doors. Besides, the vessel has two extra engines attached to the two outermost

propeller shafts; those two engines are used solely for going astern, for turbines are bladed to revolve only one way. The two turbines for going astern are bladed in just the opposite way from the four others.

The steam for the four mighty turbines, which drive the Leviathan at twenty-five knots an hour, is produced in twenty-eight double-end boilers under which oil jets furnish the heat to condense the water. The boiler room proper does not stretch from side to side of the ship; on either side of the boilers is a longitudinal bulkhead between which and the skin of the ship is a space that serves as a tank for fuel oil.

All the propelling machinery is put aboard the vessel only after she has been launched, for it weighs tremendous amount, and the less weight a ship is launched with the better. Like the hull of the ship itself, the boilers and engines are first drawn full size in the mould loft, and wooden patterns are made; then in the machine shop ship tailors cut the patterns out in steel and "sew" them together. The work all keeps pace with the building of the hull. The boilers and engines are all set up and tested in the machine shop; that is, steam is generated, and the engines are limbered up to see whether there are any defects, any chance of cylinder heads flying off or boilers exploding. Having been proved, they are uncoupled from one another, and a huge traveling crane comes along, picks each up bodily and takes it down to the fitting-out basin there to await the launching of the ship or to be put aboard if the vessel already floats.

THE LAUNCHING

The most critical stage in the building of the Leviathan was getting such a huge mass of inert steel from dry land into the water. It was an anxious time; though the launching occupied only a few moments, they were moments in which untold damage could be done. As always it was the most thrilling step in the whole creation of the vessel. As the Leviathan weighed thirty thousand tons when she stood on the stocks, preparations for her launching had to be thought out most carefully; nothing could be left to chance. Those who see the spectacle of a ship sliding overboard never appreciate the laborious calculations that have had to be made in order to ward off disaster. To a layman it seems nothing more than a simple, straightforward operation. Yet suppose a ship like the Leviathan should stick on the ways half in and half out of the water? Surely she would break her back or do something else equally disastrous.

As a vessel is sewed together on the stocks, so she is propped up with timbers until she may be said to rest upon a small forest. To get her afloat workers must raise her off the timbers and place her in a cradle that will slide along a track leading into the water. The track, which extends from her bow to her stern, is called the ways. Upon it two cradles are placed, one under the bow and the other at the stern. The cradles, by the way, are made in sections and are held together by pressure; they readily fall apart and float free once the vessel is in the water.

When everything is ready trigger guns keep the cradles from sliding into the water. When they are released hydraulic rams give the cradles a tremendous shove, and, carrying the ship, they slide into the water as you might slide down the chute of a swimming pool. As the vessel thrusts her stern into the water she gradually becomes more and more buoyant until she is bearing like a lever on her bow cradle. The aft cradle, relieved of her weight, falls apart and floats away in pieces on either side of her. All the strain comes on the bow cradle still sliding down the ways; the pressure is enormous. There is always the danger that the bow cradle may collapse and leave the ship half in and half out of water. If the hull is moving rapidly, however, the pressure is relieved almost as soon as it is brought to bear. There is a terrible creaking and groaning. Under the pressure fragments of the cradle literally fly out in all directions. Then there is a cloud of spray, and the cradle falls to pieces as the aft one did half a minute before. The vessel is afloat! Captured by tugs, she is now towed to the fitting-out basin to receive her boilers and engines and, if she is a passenger liner like the Leviathan, her cabins, dishes and everything that go with a hotel.

With a passenger ship as huge as the Leviathan it usually is a year after her launching before she is ready for active service. For when she became water borne she was nothing but a mere shell. Her engines

and boilers had to be hoisted aboard and installed; her passenger accommodations had to be built in as you would plaster the walls and put in the interior woodwork of a house; and the vessel had to be equipped with furniture and utensils. Naturally the work takes a great deal of time.

The traveler on the Leviathan is the pampered child of luxury. Though the vessel has nine decks, there are elevators to spare him the tedious climb or descent. There are comfortable lounges and deep easy-chairs for him in the smoking room; if the day is hot, there is a tiled swimming pool in which he may cool off. There is a gymnasium, a

tennis court, a Turkish bath, a well-stocked library and what not. When the last curtain had been hung in the cabins the Leviathan was taken out on a forty-eight-hour full-speed trip under conditions similar to those prevailing on a transatlantic crossing. The trial proved to be satisfactory, and the ship passed out of the hands of her builders into the hands of her owners and settled down to her daily round of toil in passenger service.

It took exactly two years to complete the Leviathan after the laying of her keel; and there had been months of exhaustive tests even before the keel was laid.

A MESSAGE TO CHIEF JOSEPH
By Frank Robertson

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN



Something heavy landed on my back and smashed me to my face in the earth

Chapter Five
Captured by the Sheepeaters

"**G**IT your blanket around you quick," Leander hissed, drawing his own well up over his head. "Don't let 'em git a look at you." We dashed to the end of the pocket, and Singer and Irish, scrambling and leaping like cats, started up the ascent; but before we were more than halfway to the top of the shoulder that joined the two bars bullets began to strike round us. Evidently some of the Indians had run to the top of the ridge that I had just left and from there were firing at us. Although none of the bullets did us any damage the Indians were in a position to cause us trouble; they cut us off entirely from the trail.

Just as we reached the top we heard more yells and saw Buffalo Horn and three other Indians coming after us on horses. We had no choice except to drop over the ridge. Soon we were under cover of timber, but the going was rough, and there was no semblance of a trail. Our position was extremely perilous; if we came to an impenetrable thicket or a bad ledge we should have to abandon our horses and take to our heels—or stand and make a fight against overwhelming odds. Time and again it seemed that we had struck an impassable place, but our horses astonished even us, who knew them so well, by their unexpected agility as they scrambled up and down rocky slopes on which even a mountain goat would have found difficulty in keeping his footing.

Gradually the yelling of the Indians grew fainter, and we knew that their hopes of driving us into a blind alley must be growing correspondingly weaker. There was little danger that they would chase us more than an hour or two through such a wilderness, or that, however angry Buffalo Horn might be

at losing Singer, he would long delay the main business of reaching Chief Joseph.

By sunset we thought we were safe from pursuit, but for the first time since we had started Leander was depressed. He had hoped that we might find some pass through which we could reach the trail in front of the Indians, but ahead of us the mountains veered off to the right, and their summits were clearly insurmountable. "We've got to go back to Salmon River the way we have come, foller the Injuns an' try to pass 'em some way," he declared.

Our horses were dead tired, for the Indians had certainly ridden them hard before we had made our mad race upon them. Finding a little creek where the grass was good, we turned the three horses loose; Brogan had long since been left behind, and we had little doubt that the Indians had taken him. To that thought more than to any other I attributed Leander's depression. We went a considerable distance from the creek to make our bed, which consisted of our two blankets and some pine boughs.

In the morning Leander sent me to look for the horses while he scouted back along our trail for signs of Buffalo Horn's men—or, as I secretly believed, to see whether he could find Brogan. I soon found the horses' tracks where the animals had wandered aimlessly along the creek as horses do when feeding. Suddenly I came to a spot where they had all run together and milled round and then had taken to the timber. "Must have been a bear," I reflected. The grass was considerably trampled, for evidently various animals were in the habit of frequenting the place; but the only tracks that I could distinguish were the deep, fresh-cut tracks of our horses. I was worried at not finding the horses so quickly as I had expected. Could it possibly be, I wondered, that Buffalo Horn had tracked us so far and had recovered them?

I dismissed the idea, for Leander had been positive that the Bannock would turn back.

Convincing myself that alarm was useless and that I would soon overtake the horses, I pressed on into the timber. I was keeping what I thought was a careful watch for danger when suddenly as I passed under a large pine tree something heavy landed on my back and smashed me to the face in the earth. Before I could move another heavy body landed upon me. As I lay there I could hear grunting voices speaking an Indian language that I could not understand.

When my captors had securely tied my hands and feet they rolled me over on my back, and I saw above me a dozen squat, dirty-looking Indians. Their features were coarse and unintelligent, and with their unkempt hair and their skin clothing they were in marked contrast with the Indians I had hitherto known.

I had often heard the Shoshones speak with contempt of a tribe of Indians that lived in the Bitterroot and Sawtooth Mountains—a tribe almost without horses. They made their living mostly from the mountain sheep that were so numerous there—a fact that had earned for them the opprobrious name of Sheepeaters. Long ago the more aggressive tribes had driven them to the mountains, and they had lacked the initiative to fight their way out. I was sure that it was the Sheepeaters among whom I had fallen.

For two miles my captors half carried and half dragged me to their village, where from the fuss that everyone made over me I reasoned that captives were rare among them. Certainly my advent marked a red-letter day. Squaws shrieked and sneered at me; papooses struck at me with sticks; and even the bucks were scarcely more dignified. For an hour the baiting continued and probably would have lasted longer had not everyone been interested in our three horses, which of course they had taken. So far as I could see there was not another horse in the village.

I was thrown into a filthy, skin-covered hut and was spread-eagled and pegged down so that I could not move except to raise my head slightly. As I was facing the door, I had a limited view of what was going on outside; I saw two bucks riding Irish and Singer round the camp for the inspection of the other Indians and heard the exclamations of awed admiration that the horses excited. Remorse was following Irish as closely as he dared, but the independent old outlaw would permit no Indian to touch him.

Horses and Indians passed out of my range of vision, and I was left alone with my own bitter reflections. Would Leander, I wondered, follow me and fall into the hands of these savages? We had decided that, if anything should happen to one of us, the other should press on without delay with our misleading message to Joseph; for the hundreds of lives that we might thus save would far overbalance the life of either of us. Black as the outlook was for me, I sincerely hoped that my old friend would remember our agreement. But there was also the matter of horses; what chance would he have of getting through on foot? And how could he, a white man, convince Chief Joseph that he spoke with authority? Eventually I hoped merely that Leander would escape with his life. My own seemed already forfeited.

A tap on the side of the hut interrupted my thoughts. "Is my Shoshone brother listening?" came a low voice speaking in Shoshone. Then I remembered that I was disguised as a Shoshone warrior.

"I listen," I replied.

"This is Snowbird, a daughter of the Shoshones whom the Sheepeaters captured ten years ago. Who are you, and can you give me news of my people?"

"I am of the Wind River Shoshones," I replied guardedly. "The Shoshones are a great people. Is it likely that I would know them all? Yet I know some of Nampuh's people. Who was your father?"

"Lost Wolf," the woman replied.

I could hear her waiting with withheld breath. As luck would have it, I remembered hearing of an Indian of that name who had died several years before. I searched my memory for some relative of his; I was quite sure that he had had a son named Big Willow. I decided to risk speaking of him. "Lost Wolf is dead," I said. "So are most of his people. All of them must have died for grief over the loss of Snowbird. But one remains who is a great chief and a warrior, Big Willow. Is he your brother?"

"Yes," she whispered proudly.

I began to hope that the woman would help me. "What do the Sheepeaters intend to do with me?" I asked.

"They await their headman, who is away on a hunting trip. He will return tonight,

THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

and they will burn you. You must die bravely as befits a Shoshone warrior?"

"Listen, Snowbird," I whispered. "I have no intention of burning. I am on my way to the Nez Percés with a message that will save the lives of hundreds of the Shoshones. When I return I will tell Big Willow, and he will wipe out the Sheepeaters and restore you to your people. You must help me."

"There is no chance. The only way I could reach you would be through the door, and they always watch it. Even if you were cut loose you could not escape; they would see you as soon as you stepped outside. You must prepare your death song."

"The sorrel horse, have they caught him?" I asked.

But the woman was gone. I could not blame her, for really any effort on her part to help me would have resulted only in her death as well as in mine. Yet the hopes that her coming had aroused would not die. In a frenzy that seemed to give me more than my usual strength I began to strain and tug at the pegs that held me down. Just when I was at the point of giving up my efforts I felt the peg that held my right wrist yield a little. I remembered then that the Sheepeater who had driven it had been in a great hurry to go out to the horses. I surged against it with all my strength, and with a jerk it came out. Two half hitches fastened it to my wrist, and it required only a moment to loosen them with my teeth and to slip my hand out.

I was tied with one long rope, but now that I had one hand free and several feet of slack in the middle of the rope it was not difficult first to get my other hand free and then to sit up and loosen the coils round my ankles. I sprang to my feet and coiled the rope, which was now the only weapon that I possessed—if it could be called a weapon. By the noise outside I could tell that something exciting had happened; the entire village seemed to be sweeping down in my direction. I had a good idea what the excitement was, and I waited, determined to do something that, though rash, seemed to be well worth the risk.

Just then some one shouted in alarm; then there was a burst of delighted laughter. As well as if I myself had seen what had happened I knew that Remorse had just thrown his first rider. How I loved the old Indian-hating outlaw at that moment!

Five minutes later I heard another shout of alarm and then another burst of laughter, and I knew a second Sheepeater had bitten the dust. This time the rider was closer to my hut—a good thing since it brought the horses nearer and a bad thing since some of the bucks might take a notion to amuse themselves with the prisoner. With the coiled rope in my hand I crouched and waited. Suddenly I heard Remorse give another grunt and heard the thud of his feet as they struck the ground. The next instant a Sheepeater brave with arms and legs beating frantically at the air and with a look of the most painful bewilderment I ever saw on an Indian's face came soaring across the patch of daylight in front of the hut. With a tremendous grunt he landed flat on his stomach and lay still while his people yelled their enjoyment. Nothing is funnier to the Indian than to see some one get hurt.

That was the moment I had been waiting for. I peeped cautiously out. Twenty feet away Remorse was whistling shrilly and kicking and plunging as he sought to evade the numerous dirty hands that clutched at him. A short distance away from the crowd two Sheepeater bucks, seated on the backs of Irish and Singer, were lording it over the rest. Remorse, then, was my only chance. Could I get to him through the mob of Indians? Could I catch him if I did? Most important of all, could I ride him if I managed to get on him, or would he think that I was the Indian that I pretended to be and buck me off?

I left the hut and in three jumps was among the crowd. But before I could get through the screeching, clawing mass some one identified me. Two bucks made a lunge at me. I avoided one by knocking a squaw over and checked the other with a straight smash to the jaw—a method of warfare unfamiliar to most Indians. The suddenness of my blow threw them into confusion, and I took advantage of it to make a leap for Remorse's mane. But apparently I looked no different to him from any other Indian, for he surged backward, and I missed. I did, however, manage to catch hold of the rope that was on him; but before I could do anything with it a burly Sheepeater warrior grasped it on the opposite side, and his malignant eyes stared into mine.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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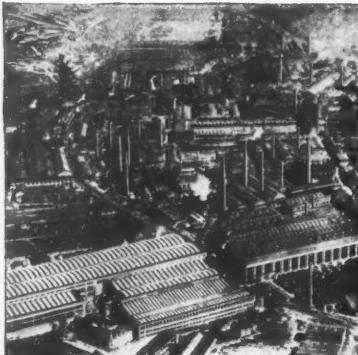
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A partial view of the Krupp Gun Works in Essen, Germany

FACT AND COMMENT

THE MAN WHO RIDES the high horse is likely to get thrown.

Yes, "Do no Evil"; that is understood. Now learn the harder, braver Rule, "Do Good."

WHAT MATTERS is not what you are, but what you are becoming.

REMEMBER THAT YOUR FACE is an advertisement; it shows the public what mental and moral goods you have to offer it.

TREATING WOOL or woolen goods with a newly discovered chemical called "eulan," which is both colorless and odorless, makes the goods highly offensive to moths. The chemical is the discovery of a German chemist, who based his experiments on the observed fact that moths avoid cloth colored with certain dyes, such, for example, as eosin. Eulan is now on sale in Europe.

THE STUDY OF SPANISH is becoming popular in the public schools of some of the larger cities. In the twenty-eight New York City high schools thirty-three thousand students are enrolled in Spanish classes, twenty-four thousand in French, and two thousand seven hundred and fifty in German. The utility of Spanish, second only to that of English in the New World, is increasing in commercial life.

THE TWO MILLION SURPLUS WOMEN in the British Isles evidently have their eye on the two hundred thousand surplus men in the rural districts of Australia. The first contingent of fifty young Englishwomen organized as "Home Companions" sail for Australia this month. Each girl is prepared to take a job on an Australian farm, and each girl will have in reserve money for her return fare home if she finds the life undesirable.

THE "TRUTH IN FABRIC" BILL, which the Commerce Committee has reported favorably to the Senate, requires that yarns and cloths be marked with the percentage of virgin wool, reworked wool, cotton, silk and other products with which wool is combined in woolen manufactures. Should the bill become law anyone who buys a piece of cloth or a suit of clothes can see at a glance just what kind of yarn the goods are made of. The farmers are supporting the bill because they hope it will increase the demand for wool.

RECENT EXPERIMENTS show that the amount of light that a plant has affects its growth fully as much as climate. The iris, for example, which ordinarily blooms in May or June, would not bloom under hothouse conditions in winter until its period of daily light was artificially lengthened by six hours. The October chrysanthemum was made to bloom in midsummer by shortening the daily light period; lettuces by the same means was held in the rosette stage for a long time; and the radish, with only seven hours of daylight, grew for more than a year before it finally shot up its flower stem and died.

TO FIGHT THE BOLL WEEVIL the American Cotton Growers' Association purposes to spend at once two and a half million dollars and has hired Dr. M. R. Hutchison, for years chief engineer of the Edison interests, to lead the fight. One trouble with the present method of combating the weevil with calcium arsenate is that the supply of arsenate is wholly inadequate to treat even a small part of the fields. Either new ways must be found

THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

to kill the weevil or the supply and efficacy of calcium arsenate must be greatly increased. Another cotton-crop failure would begin to close the cotton mills in England and possibly in America.



THE SHERIFF TAKES CHARGE

THE French are in Essen at last. They are there without the approval of Great Britain, but with the support of Belgium and Italy. The new premier in Downing Street proved to be no more amenable to M. Poincaré's persuasion than Mr. Lloyd George had been, though he salved his refusal to cooperate with France with pleasant words and with renewed pledges of adherence to the *entente cordiale*. As a matter of fact neither M. Poincaré nor Mr. Bonar Law is wholly a free agent. No leader in democracy can be. Public opinion is strong and vocal both in France and in Britain. No British premier could retain his control of Parliament if he undertook a demonstration in force against Germany. No French premier could remain in power if he granted Germany a moratorium without some tangible guarantee for the eventual payment of reparation.

Both France and Great Britain are willing now to reduce the sum total that Germany must pay, but France holds that the German default in reparation payments is willful and that the Germans will never pay another dollar unless they are forced to. In that contention the French have the support of Belgium and of the new government of Italy. It is England rather than France that is isolated by the course of events. Once more it is shown that the natural policy of Great Britain toward the Continent cannot readily be reconciled with the policies of the Continental nations toward one another. Its interests demand trade with all and no overshadowing power among the European states. It is always tending to ally itself with the "under dog" against whatever nation aspires to the hegemony of the Continent.

France, then, has carried out the policy it has long been threatening to adopt. It is to have its way in dealing with Germany. But although M. Poincaré has long held that no other course was possible, it is conceivable that he is now a little anxious how it will work. It is clear that Germany is on the verge of a fiscal breakdown. When that happens France is in danger of going down too; for its financial stability depends on Germany's paying the costs of reconstruction. The only way in which France can get anything from an economically prostrate Germany is by occupying not only the Ruhr Valley but the Rhineland as well and conducting the great German industries for the profit of France. Such a course has its dangers. It will alienate the sympathy of many who have been the friends of France, and it will still further inflame the hostility of the Germans. Like any policy of force it requires a continued and untiring application of force to sustain it; and that is an exhausting and irritating state of affairs. Yet the French declare that there is no alternative, that it is a matter of life and death with them.



THE NEPMAN

ONE of the significant and rising figures in the new Russia is the small trader or shopkeeper. He is the result of the modified attitude that the dictator Lenin has taken toward individual enterprise in business. When the Bolshevik régime was first established it proclaimed a strict communism. All the land, all the factories, all the stock of salable goods, were to belong to the community. No one except the government agents was to sell anything; private profit was abolished once for all.

Little by little the Bolsheviks have had to change their ground. The peasants have established their claim to individual ownership in the land and its products. Disguised under the title of "state capitalism," the characteristics of private ownership are creeping back into the industrial structure. The soviet leaders are trying hard to get foreign capitalists to invest their money in Russia, though naturally enough without much success. The shops in Moscow are reopening, and the tradesman chatters with his customers for his own profit without fear of arrest.

All those things are known in Russia as part of the "N.E.P.," or "new economic policy," the Russian words for which have

the same initial letters as the corresponding English words. The thousands of small business men that the new policy has produced are called "nepmen." Lenin has been asked by a friendly correspondent whether he was not afraid that that class would become politically dangerous to the soviet government. He replied that it would be no more dangerous than the shopkeepers of London are to the British government. He means to keep a firm control over the nepmen, extending or diminishing their privileges by government order as seems best to him; and he evidently thinks that they are busy, commercially-minded fellows who will have little inclination to engage in politics and not enough audacity to challenge the Bolshevik dictatorship.

But the nepmen are the potential beginnings of a new *bourgeoisie*. That social class, the eternal bugbear of the Socialist and the Communist, has always risen out of profitable trade, and nothing but the strong hand will keep it from rising into prominence and influence in Russia. So long as the Russian peasants acquiesce in the domination of Lenin and his associates the dictator will probably be able to keep the new *bourgeoisie* feeble and timid; but disaffection among the peasantry, recurring famine and death or dispersion among the leading Bolsheviks may at any time shake the power of the existing government. At such a crisis the Communists are likely to find that a prosperous and pushing class of nepmen can be a disintegrating force of no mean proportions.



TIME TO THINK

"I NEVER have time to think!" is a discouraged exclamation that we frequently hear—and as frequently echo. Yet it is probably the most dishonest of our common utterances. The reason that most people haven't time to think is that when they are not occupied with their necessary tasks they are bent upon amusement. To sit and think is not amusing.

But might it not be profitable for all of us to take half an hour from our recreation each day and employ it in as honest and consecutive thought as we can give to whatever subject we may select? All well enough, comes the answer, but how are we to find a subject? Then it isn't lack of time so much as lack of material that prevents most of us from thinking? But everyone is thinking in odd moments about the particular problems of his life; thinking and worrying and questioning; and if he would get the habit of not dwelling on them in his odd moments but of dealing with them resolutely in his daily meditative half hour, he would, we believe, make better progress toward satisfactory solutions.

Dissatisfaction and unhappiness arise from a consciousness of maladjustments in life. There are probably maladjustments in everyone's life. Some of them are the work of fate or of Providence; they have been decreed, and all that thinking about them can do for the sufferer is to enable him to discover perhaps some compensations that without such thought would remain concealed. But other maladjustments are susceptible of correction if we face them with resolution and honesty and are willing to abide by the conclusions to which resolute and honest thought leads. A quiet half hour daily is more likely to produce such thought than the scattering moments when a person is chiefly aware of his reasons for discontent and worry and is depressed by them.



OUR RISING TAXES

NO one needs to be told that taxes are a great deal higher than they used to be. If you do not realize how much higher they are, get out one of your old tax bills, say of ten years ago, compare it with your current bill and then add to it whatever you have to pay in income taxes, which were almost unknown only a decade since. You will be lucky if your taxes are not now three times as much, even if there has been no increase in the value of your property, real or personal. And every year they go a little—or a good deal—higher.

In the Senate the other day Mr. Borah read for the information of the Senators some figures concerning the amounts that some of the states are levying in taxes. Within five or six years the amount Colorado collects on real and personal property increased from \$1,830,000 to \$5,518,000. The figures for Texas are \$10,286,000 and \$21,023,000; for

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Nebraska, \$3,681,000 and \$8,124,000; for New Jersey, \$11,160,000 and \$22,334,000; for South Carolina, \$1,843,000 and \$5,401,000; for Massachusetts, \$8,750,000 and \$14,000,000. In 1895 New York State had virtually no funded debt at all. Now it has a lusty debt of \$267,000,000, for which some \$10,000,000 interest must annually be collected by taxation. Only three or four years ago the chief cities of the country raised by taxes from twenty to thirty-five dollars for each person in their population. At last accounts the figure was between thirty and fifty-six dollars. Senator Swanson of Virginia declares that seven years ago the various governmental agencies took six per cent of the people's annual earnings in taxes. Today they take sixteen per cent. A man who used to pay \$150 in direct taxes before the war now has to pay at least \$400.

Now the astonishing growth of taxation is owing first to a great extension of governmental activity, and second to a lavish use of national, state and municipal credit in order to carry out costly governmental enterprises. We know that the government is constantly interfering in what used to be private affairs and that commissions, bureaus and administrative officials are multiplied to carry on the new responsibilities. We know too how little we hear of the desirability of economy in government and how much we hear of the duty of the government to undertake this, that or the other thing for the protection or the comfort or the elevation of the citizen. Some of the objects on which our money is so generously spent are uncontestedly good, perhaps even necessary. Others are of doubtful benefit, especially in view of the burden that they pile up on the shoulders of the taxpayer. Extravagance is an American failing. We are culpably wasteful both of our public and of our private resources. Our colossal public indebtedness, Senator Borah asserts, is a national disease. Let us try to cure it before it is too late. Exorbitant and ever-increasing taxation has reduced more than one great nation to beggary and ruin. For all our wealth we are not immune from the consequences of waste and of a steadily increasing burden of debt.



A CONTRAST

ON one day in January the exchange value in New York of the British pound sterling was \$4.64—the par is \$4.865,—which is almost exactly nineteen twentieths or in other words nineteen shillings. On the same day a German mark was worth in the same market .01114 of a cent, as compared with a par of 23.8 cents. It took 9000 marks to be worth a dollar. The depreciation of the pound was one twentieth; the mark had declined to less than one two-thousandth of its nominal value. If we were to go back three years to February, 1920, we should find the pound at its lowest quotation—\$3.19, a depreciation of slightly more than one third. At that time the mark was worth a cent or two,—the exact figures are not material,—so that since then it has dropped until it is worth less than a hundredth of what it was then.

Great Britain has been trying successfully to recuperate governmentally and financially; Germany has not. Great Britain undertook to meet a large part of its war expenditures by taxation during the war. Since the armistice it has not merely balanced its budget but, by continuing a taxing policy but little relaxed, has had a substantial surplus to apply to the reduction of debt. Germany did not increase taxes at all during the war, but relied on the huge sums that it was to exact from defeated enemies. When it was itself defeated it not only took no adequate steps to provide itself with the money for the reparation that it was condemned to pay but did not even tax its people to meet the current expenses of government. It met them by printing and issuing at an ever-accelerated rate hundreds of billions of paper money, worth less and less with every day that it was in circulation. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the paper was worth more before it was printed than afterwards.

"England always pays its debts," says the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is true. It does not ask and does not desire any sympathy. In a comparatively short time it will restore its money to full value. But what about Germany? What about any person, corporation or government that lives by borrowing with steadily declining credit and never paying or making efforts to pay?

Financiers are talking about "stabilizing" the mark. What mark? To stabilize—that is, to affix a specified and stable value to—the present paper money would be a senseless and useless proceeding, and of course is not what the financiers mean. To redeem it in new marks at a fixed rate—say one for five hundred or a thousand—would contract the currency so severely that it would cause untold economic distress. The same results, or worse, would follow if the whole volume of the present issue were repudiated and the country were to start anew with marks of real value, backed by ample reserves of gold to insure redemption. If there is any way of stabilizing German currency that does not require one of those processes, it has yet to be proposed and explained. Meanwhile the printing presses are running full time.

To Our Readers

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PUBLISHERS**

CURRENT EVENTS

THE Senate, having voted, 57 to 6, that the President ought at once to recall the American troops that still stood upon the Rhine, President Harding, who had already notified the French government that his administration could not approve of the occupation of the Ruhr Valley, issued orders for our troops to return. Both in France and in Germany the order was received with regret. The French felt that we were deserting them; the Germans felt that we had been a moderating influence on the French. The private soldiers too are sorry to come home, for they have lived pleasantly in Coblenz. Moreover, their pay in American money made them almost wealthy in that land of depreciated currency. The Germans offered no opposition to the seizure of Essen by the French, and there seems to be no immediate likelihood of any open clash.

SOMETHING like a start in encouraging and regulating civilian aviation has been made. Mr. Winslow of Massachusetts has introduced in Congress a bill that provides for national control of aircraft used for carrying either goods or passengers. The authority is lodged with the Secretary of Commerce, in whose department the bill proposes a special bureau to administer the new law. It provides for the planning of airways between different cities, requires the inspection of every plane before it is permitted to fly, in order to determine its "airworthiness," and obliges all persons who wish to fly to undergo a careful examination before they can receive the necessary license. Both the pilots and the machines must be registered; and suitable penalties are provided for violating the rules of

air traffic. Commercial aviation has halted in the United States; the European countries are far ahead of us. But that will not always be so.

THE monopoly of desert traffic that the camel has had for centuries is threatened at last. Five small caterpillar automobiles have crossed the Sahara from Tugurt to Timbuktu. They made the trip in three weeks instead of three months, which is the time camel caravans need to cross the two thousand miles of sand. The camel, which is a rather sulky beast and not a particularly willing performer, will probably not regret it if he loses his job for good and all; but what a loss in picturesqueness and romance when the fussy, clanking little tractor becomes the "ship of the desert" instead of the great creature that has so long borne the title!

THE COMPANION spoke recently of the remarkable discoveries that the archaeologists have made in the tombs of the Pharaoh Tutankhamun at Luxor. More thorough examination of the treasures that were uncovered has increased rather than diminished the enthusiasm of the experts. The sculpture, the furniture and the pottery belong evidently to the very highest period of Egyptian art and give us a new conception of its remarkable qualities. More than one authority has expressed the opinion that Egyptian art is really finer than Greek art at its best, and much finer than any other art of which we have any knowledge. That is of course a matter for discussion and perhaps for a division of opinion, but there is no question that the Egyptians of three thousand years ago had carried art in architecture, in decoration and in craftsmanship to an exceedingly high point.

ANOTHER turn of the wheel in China. Gen. Chang Shao-Tseng is appointed premier. His accession to power indicates the increasing influence of the old military party at Peking and the diminishing prestige of General Wu, who only a few months ago was hailed as the savior of China. The new premier is said to have a secret understanding with Gen. Chang Tso-lin, the dictator of Manchuria, whom General Wu drove out of Peking last summer, and the return of the "old gang" to complete control is predicted by the newspapers that come out of China. General Wu is not likely to submit without protest to that sort of thing, and therefore there is likely to be more civil war in North China.

AN astonishing tale that the newspapers have spread is the story that the Russian crown jewels were hidden in the coffin of an American bluejacket who died in Gibraltar and who lies buried in Cypress Hills Cemetery in Brooklyn. The story came anonymously to the United States Customs Service, and the public has heard none of the details. Who had the four million dollars' worth of jewels, and how he or they managed to hide them with the body of the seaman Jones, has not been disclosed. Probably the whole story is a hoax, but the government takes it seriously enough to keep a guard over the grave.

THE conference at Lausanne seems committed to moving all the Greeks out of Turkish territory and all the Turks out of Greek territory. The conferees seem to think that that is the only way to stop the continual threat of war. May the scheme succeed! Nothing but success will excuse the hardship and suffering that such a course is sure to inflict on the hundreds of thousands of both peoples who would be affected.

THE death of Constantine of Greece brings to a close a stormy and futile career. Constantine was superstitious enough to believe that he was the man referred to in the old prophecy who, bearing the name of the emperor who made Byzantium the capital of the world, should restore the power and glory of the old Greek Empire of the East. But he was pitifully unequal both to his ambitions and to his opportunities. He had not character enough to remain true to his treaty pledges, judgment enough to recognize the real interests of his throne and of his people, or magnanimity enough to be loyal to the statesman who alone was capable of making Greece a real power once more. The failure of his life was so great as to be tragic.



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Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE PLAYMATE

By Louise Ayres Garnett

*Yesterday's so far away,
Tomorrow is so near,
Today is part of Yesterday
Before I know it's here.*

*If only sometime I could shut
Tomorrow in a tower,
I'd make a playmate of Today
And dress her like a flower.

I'd twist a garland rosy-red
And put it on her head,
I'd romp with her and laugh
with her
Till all our words were said.*

*Yesterday's so far away,
Tomorrow is so near,
And, oh, Today has gone
to stay
Before I know it's here!*

• •

WHY BUDDY FOX-SQUIRREL LOST HIS FUR

By Dorothy Anne Rogers

NEAR the Lovely Lady's house Buddy Fox-Squirrel and his mother lived in the elm and hackberry trees. There they held full sway and would not allow any other squirrel to come near their summer nest in the top branches or their winter one in the hollow trunk; and they were especially careful about their feeding box on the elm tree.

In that box by her window the Lovely Lady placed yellow ears of corn and sweet, meaty nuts already cracked, and she always kept a small pan of water there for the squirrels to drink. Buddy was fond of the box and liked to sit there and dig out black walnut meats with his sharp little teeth. But Buddy's mother scolded him and told him he was getting too fat. Then she would scare him away and chase him up and down trunks of trees, leaping from branch to branch until poor Buddy would be worn out and his fat sides would puff for breath.

All summer and all winter his mother scolded him: "No well-behaved squirrel would ever eat so much as you do. If you had to hunt food for yourself once, you might appreciate what you have. Besides, your teeth are getting long because you don't open your own nuts. Shame on you for making a pig of yourself!"

"Making a pig of myself?" thought Buddy. "Pooh! A squirrel can't turn into a pig! And why should I open nuts when I don't have to?"

So Buddy paid no attention to his mother's advice and went on eating all the rich black walnuts that he wanted to eat. He grew fatter and fatter and lazier and lazier, and whenever the Lovely Lady forgot to crack the nuts and he had to open them for himself, oh, how his teeth did hurt! They had grown so long!

One day in early spring Buddy woke up feeling achy and tired. He tried to jump to a near-by branch as he had done on other mornings, but his shoulders and back were stiff and would not move. He could only creep out and sit swinging in the morning breeze and sun. He was hungry too, but it was very far down to the feeding box, and every move caused new pains. His glossy reddish-brown coat was not so silky as it should be, either. All day long the feeling lasted, and the next day he was no better, nor the next.

Finally, one morning he noticed that the fur about his nose and eyes was coming out, and when he looked more closely he saw that all over his little body it was getting thinner and thinner. Soon only his bushy tail was left. "O-o-o-oh!" wailed Buddy Fox-Squirrel. "I know what's happening! I'm turning into a

THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

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pig. I'm turning into a pig! Pigs don't have any fur, and I'm losing all mine, and pretty soon my tail will be gone too. O-o-o-oh! I'm turning into a pig!"

With that terrible thought in mind Buddy hurried off to find his mother and seek her comfort. But when he told her what was happening she merely said, "Silly child, of course you're not turning into a pig! You're just a little squirrel who is sick because he ate too many rich nuts and didn't mind his mother."

"But," answered poor Buddy, "you said I was making a pig of myself."

Then his mother laughed and laughed. "I said that because you were acting as pigs act, trying to eat all you could and more than was good for you," she told him. "Now, if you have learned your lesson and will follow my advice, you'll get well again and grow a fine new coat."

And after that Buddy did follow his mother's advice. He stopped eating so many rich nuts and ate more berries and persimmons; and before very long he had a beautiful new fur coat. And the Lovely Lady enjoys watching him frisk about in the elm tree outside her window quite as much as she once enjoyed cracking the nuts that made him fat.

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PRINCESS ERMINIE'S GIFT

By Anne Bradford Holden

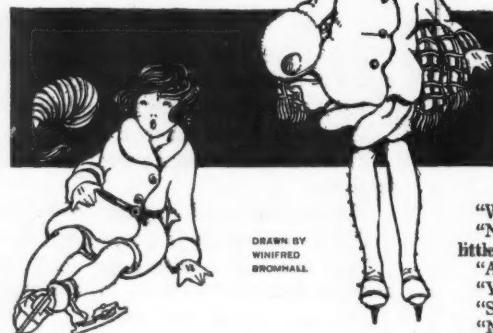
PRINCESS ERMINIE was the daughter of a king who ruled in England many years ago. She was fond of animals and had every kind of pet that you can think of except a pony. Her father promised that she should have a pony when she was old enough to ride and issued an order throughout his kingdom commanding people who had beautiful ponies to bring them to his castle on Princess Erminie's eighth birthday that she might choose one from among them.

In a village near the castle there lived a poor peasant named Duncan who had a little daughter Nan, of exactly the same age as the princess and, like the princess, very fond of pets, though she had but one—Robin Hood, a handsome Shetland pony with a shaggy brown coat. When Duncan heard of the order he felt sad, for he knew that he should have

SKATING

By Celia Thornton

Zing, zoom! Put on your skates!



DRAWN BY WINIFRED BROMHALL

*Clear as a mirror the hard ice waits;
The meadows are bare, there's a nip in the air;
The trees on the bank are all chilly and gray.
But zing, zoom! Jolly it feels,
With the sun in your face and the wind at your heels,
To be off and away!*

to take Robin Hood to the castle, and he feared that the princess might want to keep him. That was just what happened, and poor little Nan Duncan was heartbroken.

But Robin Hood was heartbroken too. He did not understand what a great honor it was to be chosen as the prize pony of the kingdom and given to the princess for a present. His new stall was four times as large as his old one and very comfortable, but he hardly noticed it, he was so lonesome for his former mistress, Nan.

Every morning when the princess had her riding lesson Robin Hood wore a bridle that sparkled with sapphires and diamonds and a handsome saddle with a blanket of ermine

HEEDLESS HATTIE

By Grace Stone Field

*Hattie Hippopotamus
(Such an everlasting fuss!)*



*Higher then and higher rose
Till it reached her funny nose.*



DRAWINGS BY ROONEY THOMSON

*Started off to school one day;
Reached a river on the way;*

*In she stepped; the water seemed
Deeper far than she had dreamed.*



*As she waded on and splashed,
Over all its bank it dashed;*

*When she got above her knees
Up it splattered to the trees;*

*With tremendous rush and stir
Neighbors ran and rescued her.*

*Mamma Hippo sadly said
Hattie should be sent to bed,*



*Making such a flood to rise
By her preternatural size!*

*Papa cried, "You naughty midget,
Next time cross upon the bridge!"*

beneath it; but he thought that they were heavy and wished the princess would ride bareback, as little Nan had always done.

One bright autumn morning Princess Erminie was riding Robin Hood through a forest near the cottage of the peasant Duncan. She wore a habit of blue velvet, and in her little hat was a graceful blue plume fastened with a sapphire buckle. At her side, mounted on a gray charger, rode the young groom who had taught her how to ride.

The path that they took was narrow and winding, and when the groom stopped to shorten his stirrups the princess rode slowly on and was soon out of sight. A moment later she came to a well-worn path leading to the right, which Robin Hood took at so fast a gallop that Princess Erminie became frightened.

"Eric! Eric!" she cried, but the young groom was out of hearing. She pulled hard on the reins, but Robin Hood raced on until they reached a large clearing where stood a peasant's cottage. In the doorway, sewing, sat a pretty, dark-haired girl who clapped her hands with delight when she saw Robin Hood, but who instantly remembered to make a deep curtsey when she saw that it was the princess who was riding him.

"What is your name?" the princess asked.

"Nan, Your Highness," replied the poor little girl.

"Are you fond of animals?"

"Yes, I love them dearly, Your Highness."

"So do I. Have you many pets?"

"No, Your Highness, I have none now," Nan answered. "Robin Hood is the only pet I ever had."

Princess Erminie was surprised to hear that. "But I thought that Robin Hood used to belong to a peasant named Duncan," she said.

"He is my father, Your Highness," the little girl explained, "and he took the pony to the castle on your birthday."

"Won't your father get you another pony?" asked the princess.

"Your Highness, he is too poor," Nan replied. "It was only by luck that he could give me Robin Hood. Several years ago some gypsies camped near here, and a few days after they left, my father found the pony, only a few weeks old then, wandering about the woods. From that day I took good care of him, and I have missed him since he went away to the king's castle."

"You shall have another pet," the princess promised. "I am going to ask my father if I may send you a pretty white pony named Snowball."

"Oh, Your Highness, a pony from the royal stables? That would be wonderful! How kind you are!" cried Nan happily.

Just then Eric rode up on his prancing

charger. His face was white. "Your Highness, I was never more frightened. I thought I had lost you," he said, "and then I should have been terribly punished."

"Robin Hood brought me here to meet his little mistress, and we three have been having a pleasant time," said the princess.

After much coaxing Princess Erminie and the groom persuaded Robin Hood to leave the Duncan farm and take the road back to the castle.

That night the king asked why Princess Erminie was so thoughtful. He said that all day long he had not seen her smile once. Then she told him about little Nan and asked whether she might give Snowball to her. The king said yes and even promised to go to the farm with her the next morning to present the gift.

They started bright and early. The king rode a handsome black horse and Princess Erminie rode Robin Hood, which had the beautiful jeweled bridle that flashed and glittered in the sun. Eric followed them, leading Snowball, which had a new bridle and saddle of beautiful brown leather.

Nan was working in the garden when she caught a glimpse of her royal visitors riding out of the woods. She rubbed her eyes to make sure that she was not dreaming. Then she knelt on the ground as she saw the king and the princess approaching.

"Arise, my child," said the king. "I am glad to see a little girl who is as fond of pets as the Princess Erminie. See what she has brought you."

Then Princess Erminie astonished them all by dismounting and leading Robin Hood over to Nan. "I promised to give you Snowball," she said, "but here is a gift that will please you more."

Little Nan was too happy for words. She knelt and kissed the hands of Princess Erminie; then she put her arms round Robin Hood's neck.

When Princess Erminie mounted Snowball the groom reminded her that her beautiful bride was on Robin Hood. "Shall I change the bridles, Your Highness?" he asked.

"No, that is also my gift," replied the princess.

As they rode back to the castle she told the king how happy she was in giving her own dear pet to the little peasant girl. And

A MUSH-RUMOR

By Daisy D. Stephenson

DRAWING BY MARGARET G. HAYES

*Oh, the mushrooms grow
Where it's damp, and so
That's why they are like
Umbrellas, I know.*



Princess Erminie always remembered the king's reply. "My daughter," he said, "it is deeds like that rather than beautiful robes and golden jewels that make a princess."

QUESTIONS

By Ethel C. Brown

"Oh, little fish, shining with silver and blue,
Good day to you, sir! May I call upon you?
There are one or two questions I've wanted
to ask.

Isn't living in water a bothersome task?
And isn't it dull to go wriggling around,
And never be able to walk on the ground?"

But the dear little fish had nothing to say
To all of those questions I asked him that day.
He giggled, I thought, as he wriggled away;
He wriggled and wriggled and scurried away.

"You dear little butterfly, purple and gold,
There are one or two things I should like to
be told.
Don't you ever stop flying around and
around?

Why not take a good rest and sit down on
the ground,
Or do something useful, like building a house,
Like the bee and the ant and the busy field
mouse?"

But the butterfly yellow had no time to stay
To answer the questions I asked her that day.
She tittered, I thought, as she fluttered away;
She tittered and fluttered and fluttered away.

"Good day, Mr. Spider, stop work if you can,
sir!
There are one or two questions I'd like you
to answer.

Why don't you look off at the beautiful view
And pretend for a while that you've nothing
to do?

Why not wear brighter clothes, do a wee bit
of shirking,
And skip, dance and play, then go on with
your working?"

But the dear little spider had nothing to say
To the questions I wished him to answer that
day.
On a thread he went twirling and whirling
away,
Just twirling and curling and whirling away!

IN THE OLD DOCTOR'S
OFFICE

By Ellen D. Masters

WHEN Percy Draper was ten years old his Uncle Kirk took him to Washington. Percy had a fine trip and saw many wonderful sights in the big city every day than he had imagined could be found in the whole world.

Of all the things he saw and of all the places he visited he liked the National Museum best, and when he came home it took a great deal of talking to tell his friends all about it. Even then they did not seem to understand how wonderful it really was, and so he set about making a museum of his own that they might see for themselves.

Jesse and Willard Price heard about his plan and offered the half-story attic over their father's store as a fit place to keep the treasures. Percy promptly accepted the offer, and the three boys began to work together secretly to make a museum.

Now Orville, who was Percy's younger brother, longed to be in the secret, and one day he went to the store and up the steps to the attic and planted his stout little body outside the closed door. "I want to get in," he said.

"No," returned his brother from the other side of the door, "you can't come in."

"I don't see why; Jesse and Willard are in there," came from the outside. "And I am just as much interested as they are."

"Well, they are stockholders; they brought some things to be put in, pressed leaves from different kinds of trees and sea shells and purple quartz and a candlestick and a powder-horn and some Indian arrowheads. We are going to make cases for everything and have cards telling what each one is."

"When are you going to open?"

"We'll be ready pretty soon, and we'll let you in the very first one. Now go away, Orville, for I have to attend to business."

Orville went slowly and dismally down the stairs. Why didn't he have some pressed leaves or some sea shells or Indian arrowheads?

At the foot of the stairs he met Mrs. Stanwood coming out of the store, and her arms were piled so high with bundles that when she closed the door one slipped off and fell to the sidewalk with a bang. Orville quickly picked it up and gave it to her.

"Thank you," said the old lady. "I guess I didn't know how many things I was going to get when I came to the store, or I should have brought a basket to put them in. Oh, there! Thank you again." Two of the bundles had fallen this time.

"I'll go along and help you carry them," suggested Orville. He was so miserable with that left-out feeling that he was glad of the chance to help some one, for that always makes an unhappy person feel better. So he walked along beside the old lady and carried some of her bundles.

By the time they reached Mrs. Stanwood's house, which was the oldest in the village, Orville was almost happy. He followed the old lady up the walk to the front steps and halfway through the hall, and then he saw something that made him stop still and stare. A great round-eyed white owl, perched on a bookshelf, stared back at him.

"It isn't alive, is it?" he asked.

"Oh, no, it's a stuffed owl," replied Mrs. Stanwood.

"Would you take ten dollars for it? I could sell my bicycle and my skates for ten dollars. I guess if I had that owl to put in the museum I'd be a stockholder."

"I don't quite understand you," said Mrs. Stanwood. "But the owl belongs to Carolyn. I'll ask her to come and tell you about it."

Miss Carolyn Bates was the niece of Mrs. Stanwood and had come to spend the summer with her at Ridgeway. She was a very pleasant-looking lady and did not seem at all like some one whom Orville had never seen before. Why, the first thing he was telling her all about Percy's trip to Washington and the wonderful sights he saw and the big museum he liked so much and the little museum he was trying to make and how fine the white owl would look in it.

"I couldn't think of selling Mr. Owl at any price," said Miss Carolyn, "and I have a good many other things that might do for a museum, but I couldn't sell them. They are out in Uncle Stanwood's office. Would you like to see them?"

Of course Orville was delighted and eagerly followed Miss Carolyn out across the porch to the little room that had served long ago as the office of a busy doctor. Miss Carolyn unlocked the door and threw back the window blinds, and the sunshine streamed in upon the most wonderful collection of curious-looking things that Orville had ever seen. "If you'd put these things in the museum, you'd be the best stockholder that ever was!" he exclaimed.

"How do you think the boys would like to bring their collection here and help me fix up a little museum in this office?" asked Miss Carolyn.

"Can I tell them?" gasped Orville. "And can I come with them and help too, just as if I were a stockholder?"

"Yes indeed. And tell them that I have some books, and that we might have a little library along with the museum. And I have a music box and a phonograph."

"Let me in quick!" shouted Orville, knocking hard on the door of the store attic.

"Go away, Orville," said Percy. "You may see it the first one when it's ready."

But Orville did not go away. "Let me in!" he shouted back. "I can tell you where you can get a big old white owl and a silver fox and some rocks that look like rainbows and a piece of wood that has turned to rock and some beaded slippers and bags that real Indians made and a white marble head of George Washington and one of Abraham Lincoln and Mr. Longfellow and some little brown Indians and some Eskimos dressed in furs and some cotton just as it grows and a little Chinese doll and a—"

"Orville Draper," said Percy, opening the door, "what are you talking about? You haven't all those things."

"I know somebody that has," said Orville; "honest Injun, I do. And she's got a phonograph and some books and a music box, and she said I might bring you all to see them tomorrow afternoon."

That was how a real museum and library came to be opened at Ridgeway that summer, and Mrs. Stanwood, who lived alone, was not lonesome at all, for out across the porch the old office that had been closed and silent for a long, long time echoed often with music and the laughter of the children.



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By Anna Norman Oates



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Glimpse skates and boxing gloves, each
tool
Piled on a shelf—a bat, a ball,
A tennis racket; over all
The scent of shaving soaps and creams,
The goal of early boyhood dreams—
To think of him, your boy at school!*

*And if a mother's heart you bear,
His room becomes a hallowed place,
And ere you think of leaving there
You kneel beside his bed; your face
Is pillow'd where so oft his own
Has lain, your boy so lately grown
Into a man; and from your soul
There throbs a prayer; in calm control
You plead before the Throne of Grace:*

*O God of mother hearts, whose boys
Have gone from home to school or shop,
Where once their whistling, romping noise—
A silence, as if life would stop!
Be with them, God of tenderness;
As they are thine, their young lives bless,
And in temptation's trying hour
Give them of thine all-conquering power;
O God of love, be with our boys.*

THE DIVINE SPECTRUM

THE teacher had just explained that neither black nor white is a color. One, she had said, is the absence of all color, and the other is not classed as a color because it is a combination of all the colors. "Now," she asked, "what is a spectrum?"

The answer came at once: "A spectrum is a band of colors beginning with red and ending with violet; and they are the seven colors that make the rainbow."

Then the teacher took a three-sided piece of glass called a prism and held it by the window so that a sunbeam passed through it to the wall. There on the white plaster was a spectrum, or a rainbow, and it was made up of all the colors that compose white sunlight.

The next Sunday evening in the Young People's meeting one of the girls mentioned the spectrum and said: "That is a perfect picture of Christ and his people in the world. Christ is the white light; He is called the Sun of Righteousness. He himself said, 'I am the light of the world.' And He also said, 'Ye are the light of the world,' and 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see.'

"Now we all know well that we cannot shine with the perfect light as Jesus does, for we are none of us perfectly white in soul. But we have enough of Christ in us so that we can help make up the perfect light for the world. And God has wisely planned that every one of his children shall show some different Christian grace, some different part of Jesus Christ. No one shows all of Christ or perfectly represents the Saviour, but, all put together, we might do almost as much for the world as He himself did."

"Oh, how thankful we should be that we have that important part to perform for Him here, small though it is! And how faithfully we should show that grace or that talent which God has put into us that our part of the world's knowledge of Him may not go wrong. Are you part of the divine spectrum? Or is there a dark ugly spot in the picture where you ought to be filling out the likeness of the glorious Christ?"

IN COUSIN PRISCILLA'S GARDEN

IN front of Miss Priscilla, who was working in her rose garden, her young cousin Mildred suddenly appeared with flaming cheeks. "Miss Adelaide Becker is on our piazza!" the girl exclaimed angrily. "She has been there since doomsday, and she's telling mother the tale of her operations for the thousand and first time! Mother is a martyr and a saint, and I feel like a deserter to be abandoning her, but I couldn't help any, and I was getting wild! It ought to be forbidden by law, talking about illnesses. First offense, reprimand by the judge; second, fifty dollars to be paid to some deaf-mute institution; fifth, imprisonment for life!"

Cousin Priscilla put down her scissors and looked at her cousin with interest. "Isn't that rather a peculiar attitude for a young lady who is specializing in psychology?" she inquired mildly.

Mildred glanced at her swiftly. It was well to be on your guard when Cousin Priscilla was mild. But Mildred was sure of her ground. "Egotism, rank egotism! Clinging like a parasite!"

"It remains to analyze the egotism," Cousin Priscilla suggested.

Mildred looked thoughtful. "I suppose she wants to appear as a heroine," she said. "Well, I don't see that that changes matters."

"What if the desire to be a hero were God's plan for each of us—the divine urge beating

THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

February 8, 1923

through all the pettiness and unselfishness and inertia of our lives? After all, to have borne suffering bravely is something that we have a right to be proud of, don't you think so?"

"Where are you leading me, Cousin Pris?" Mildred asked.

"Back to the plan for each of us, wasn't I? That's where I was trying to lead."

Mildred settled her chin in her palms and meditated. The rose garden was full of small fragrant breezes and exquisite soft stirrings. It was a good place for thinking. Cousin Priscilla picked up her scissors and went on with her clipping. For a long time Mildred sat there, thinking and thinking. It was perhaps a quarter of an hour before she answered her cousin's question.

"You mean," she said, "that we've got to be heroic or be forever discontented? You mean it's because we haven't been heroic all our lives that we cling to the few hours when we were and count them our real adventures?"

"Good for you, Mildred!" Cousin Priscilla cried.

But Mildred was still in a meditative mood. "Mother would never talk about herself in a hundred years," she said. "That's because she is brave all the time, living her life the way God wants us to. She doesn't have to worry or cling to any special part of it; she just goes on living."

Mildred got up from the bench and helped herself to half a dozen roses from Miss Priscilla's basket. "To decorate Miss Becker with," she explained.

VERY DECENT

MADAME DE STAËL, Germaine Necker before her marriage, was the precocious brilliant and indulged daughter of Jacques Necker, King Louis XVI's famous minister of finance. She became one of the most renowned of women writers and acquired powerful political influence.

Napoleon feared her and therefore exiled her. She admired his genius but distrusted his ambitions and hated tyranny. Filled in her ardent youth with the enthusiasm inspired by the dawn of the young republic, she spoke no word so often as "liberty." But the "equality," which so many of her countrymen equally valued, was to her mind quite another affair.

As Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard relates in his recent book, Madame de Staël, Her Trials and Triumphs, she was notoriously tactless and frequently rude; and occasionally she was outrageously insolent toward supposed inferiors, nor was the insolence less because it was unconscious. Once at Chambéry at a dinner party of thirty persons her hostess was the Comtesse de Boigne, whose memoirs have preserved an instance of her behavior at her worst.

"Madame de Staël was by the side of the master of the house," the comtesse recorded, "and the prefect of police was opposite her at my side. She asked him what had become of a man whom she had known as a subprefect; he answered that the man was now a prefect and was much respected.

"I am very glad to hear it; he was a good fellow," said Madame de Staël. "In any case," she added carelessly, "I have generally found that class of servant very decent."

"I saw the prefect turn red and pale and felt my heart in my mouth. Madame de Staël did not seem to notice that she had been rude; nor had she meant to be."

But Monsieur Finot, the excellent public servant so casually insulted, besides being a man of intellect and a gentleman, was a man of magnanimity. His opportunity for revenge came even before the dinner was over. An official letter was brought to him; he excused himself, read it and put it into his pocket; but as soon as the guests rose from table he showed it to his hostess. It was an order from Napoleon that Madame de Staël, who, as Monsieur Finot had amiably declined to notice, though he must have known it, was in Chambéry without permission, should be at once sent back by the police direct to the Château of Coppet on the Lake of Geneva, which she had been ordered not to leave. Madame de Boigne, much perturbed, begged Monsieur Finot to manage the disagreeable affair without causing a disturbance in the house; he assured her that everything should be done quietly and discreetly and with all the consideration possible for Madame de Staël. He added dryly, "I should be sorry if she changed her opinion concerning servants of my class."

KING COBRA—HANDLE WITH CARE

A KING cobra is not our idea of a pleasant pet. We should prefer not to have one within, say, a thousand miles. But Mr. Frank H. Buck, the collector, apparently does not share our feelings; he once bought a twelve-and-a-half-foot cobra. A few hours later—so we reason from the story he tells in Asia—he would have been glad to see it die.

A king cobra, says Mr. Buck, will attack anything it meets. This one, which I had bought from a Malay, was brought to me in a flimsy cage. I directed the Chinese carpenter who makes most of my animal cages to put all his skill into a handsome box for the cobra, and presently he proudly delivered a teakwood box three feet square and a foot and a half high with a plate-glass top.

Yew Kee, two of his Chinese assistants and Ben Chee, my Malay "boy," who were helping me to change the cobra to his new quarters, were standing in the centre of a narrow cement passageway with a blind end. On one side of the

passageway were several wooden crates containing tigers; on the other side were some fish tanks. One of the Chinese picked up the old box, and just as he came to the centre of the passageway the bottom, which was rotten, fell out, and the snake landed on the ground!

Everyone became panic-stricken. My "boy," who faces tigers intrepidly, jumped over three or four boxes and got away. The Chinese scattered in all directions. I was left at the farther end of the passageway, and between me and freedom was the snake! The thing was almost at my feet; it raised about two and a half feet of its body off the floor, extended its hood and began to glide toward me, hissing and stretching out its forked tongue.

I kept backing away, and the cobra kept gliding nearer. When I had flattened myself against the wall it was not more than three feet from me. I had never been so badly frightened. If I had had a broom or a heavy stick I could have killed the snake, but I did not have even the six-inch knife that I usually wear in my belt. Suddenly I thought of my white coat. I tore it off and, holding it out before me, threw myself on top of the snake!

As I sprawled over it I felt its body wriggling under me, but I could not be certain that its head would not dart out from the coat and sink its fangs in my arm. Fortunately, I had caught the head firmly, and in a moment the men came rushing up to help me. Reaching over, my "boy" gathered up the coat and placed the cobra in the teakwood box.

MR. PEASLEE WOULD MAKE SURE FIRST

DEACON HYNE, peering with squinted eyes at the form outlined in the open barn door against the brilliant sunshine outside, spoke impatiently: "Who be ye anyway? And what do you want?"

"My name's Peaslee," Caleb Peaslee replied simply, "and I live on this farm next to yours; mebbe you've heard tell of me one time and another?"

The deacon allowed himself to smile sourly. "Come in, Kellup," he said. "Standin' there again that sun as you was, I couldn't make out who you might be any more'n if you was some stranger; all I could see was a blob of black that might've been anybody in the world as fur's I could tell!" He paused and then laughed shortly. "For a minute," he went on, "I had a notion you was that wuthless Jake Otten, and I was ready to speak my mind to him; I've pastured his cattle the best part of the summer jest b'cause he's too shiftless to fix his half of the fence, and I'm gettin' tired of it. I'm goin' to tell him so too!"

"That's a good idea, a splendid one," agreed Mr. Peaslee cordially. "He's the critter you want to tell it to, not me, you know. I heard once of a woman gettin' into a sort of uncomf'able mess 'count of tellin' something to the wrong pussun. The one I have in mind now is Mahala Winchope. Once in a hundred times you run across such a woman as she was—all smooth and pliable to strangers, but about as agreeable to live with as a wildcat."

"She had a mean, spiteful temper to begin with, even when she was a growin' girl, and she married a sort of easy-goin', shiftless kind of feller, 'Lias Winchope, that never had a word to say back to her when she got in one of her tantrums, except mebbe he'd say, 'Sho, now, mal!' or somethin' like that, tryin' to pacify her. But anything like that only made her wuss'n ever!"

"That was the way she was at home day in and day out, but away from home it was a diff'rent mess of fish complete! Times like that she was so smooth and supple appearin' that most anybody hearin' and seein' her would find it hard to believe that she could be so crabbed and cranky and spiteful as she really was at bottom."

TAKING NO CHANCES



Railway Booking Clerk—Change at Perth.
Mr. McTavish—Parish be bothered; I'll 'ave me change here and noo!

—George Belcher in the Tatler.

"She was a gre't hand for churchgoin' too and cal'lated to pull her bigness anyway in all the doin's of the church. To see her takin' holt and workin' and smilin' at any church affair a stranger in town—or even folks in town that didn't live handy to her—never would s'pose she was sech a Tartar when she got started, and some of 'em, the minister amongst 'em, held to it that she was kind of a victim of jealousy and gossip, and that the neighbors was envious of her and made the worst out of what the minister called her 'outsoken mode of speech!' I s'pose I was one of 'em he had in mind," admitted Mr. Peaslee, "count of something he heard me say one time, but that ain't neither here nor there."

"So, as I've been tellin' you, by keepin' her sharp temper strictly for use at home and her supple ways for wearin' outside and at church she managed to keep a pretty good name among the ones she wanted to. Things run along till one time in the summer when they was goin' to have some gre't doin's in the church,—somethin' that would last four-five days, as I remember,—and there was goin' to be a lot of ministers from outside towns and even some from the city. These outside big bugs had got to be housed and fed some way whilst they was in town, and there was a gre't rivalry amongst the churchwomen as to who should get the pick of 'em, and Mahala by workin' and soft soapin' the minister had got two of the most looked-up-to of 'em about the same as promised to her. And she put on some airs over it, lemme tell you!"

"I s'pose she might have been figgerin' on gettin' some of the wormwood worked out of her system before they got there; anyway she was more'n commonly full of bad temper toward 'Lias whilst she was gettin' ready for 'em; more'n once we could hear her clear over to our house, talkin' to him as I'd be ashamed to speak to a dumb animal that couldn't understand me."

"Takin' so much time to jaw 'Lias might have made her a mite behind with her work, but anyway she had one or two little chores more to do the mornin' the folks arrived, so she wa'n't at the church to meet 'em with the others; and that made her mad 'ough to bite 'Lias, even though he wa'n't a bit to blame.

"She'd already given him a terrible jawn' and fairly drove him out of the cellar with her holerin'—she was down there after some p'serves she was goin' to use on the table whilst the minister was there,—and all at once she saw a shadow fall across the floor, and when she whirled on it she could make out a form standin' in the bright sun right in the outside bulkhead door. She made no manner of doubt it was 'Lias come back like a good-natured dog for another tongue-lashin', and she had it all ready for him!

"She started right in, talkin' over her shoulder part of the time, whilst she was sortin' out the diff'rent jars she was cal'latin' to use. And not gettin' any answer back same's common from 'Lias made her temper get wilder and wilder till she fairly outdone herself; she tore 'Lias to tatters with her tongue, and then the neighbors, and then the minister for saddlin' two strangers on to her, though sh'd done all she could to get him to! And at the end she started in on the strange ministers, givin' them the rough side of her tongue in every way she could think of; and she was jest gettin' screechin' mad over 'em when the shadow moved away, and she could hear strange voices above in the yard.

"By the time she could get her face smoothed down and get upstairs the voices had moved out of the yard, but she could see the minister and two well-lookin' strangers goin' out the gate, and she tore after 'em and overhauled 'em within a rod or two—not that it done her any good, though!

"She didn't get a chance to say her say that time; the minister said what was said, but there wa'n't much even of that! Sister Winchope," says he, "for what seems to be more'n ample reasons I intend to find a roof and food for these gentlemen elsewhere than with you; and I think I have no need to tell you what those reasons are! Only one other thing do I find to say to you at present, and that is, during this meetin' I shall feel it my duty publicly to pray for you, possibly by name, though I'm not sure about that. And my sincere advice to you is that you remain at home during the time of this quarterly meetin' and yourself pray with a contrite heart to be delivered—"

"He didn't get any further'n that, for he found he was talkin' to somebody that wa'n't there any longer. But one part of his advice was heeded. Mahala didn't go to quarterly meetin' then nor afterwards and I never heard of her bein' much missed. A woman like that ain't any gre't help to a church nor a community either!"

"What I've got to say to Jake Otten," persisted Deacon Hyne, "I'm goin' to say to him and not to anybody else!"

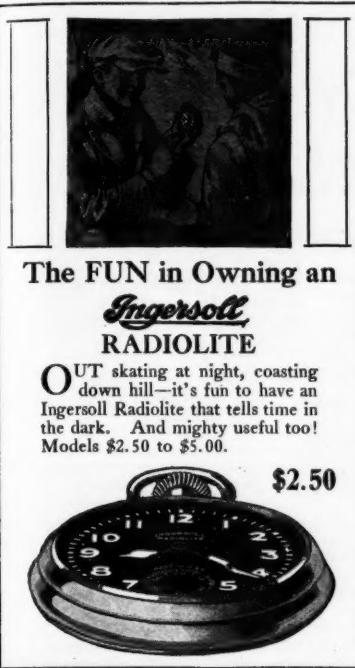
"You come near sayin' it to me," Caleb replied mildly.

BOY, PAGE SHERLOCK HOLMES!

WELL the secret-service bureaus of the Great War ever lay bare all their inner workings? Probably not, but every now and then we get a glimpse of what went on behind the scenes that excites our imagination.

When Sir Paul Dukes was called to London to receive his instructions for work in Bolshevik Russia he was guided by devious ways to offices hidden away in mazes of passages in old buildings; a subsequent interview would perhaps take place in quite a different quarter. One day, having an appointment to meet the officer in charge of his business, he followed his guide into a fair-sized apartment with easy-chairs and walls hidden

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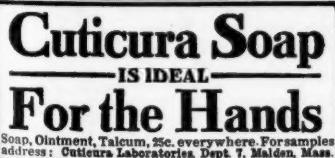
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behind bookcases. After some conversation the colonel, on the pretext that he wished to consult his chief, left the room.

To while away the time, says Sir Paul in the Atlantic Monthly, I strolled round the room and stared at the books on the shelves. An edition of Thackeray in a decorative binding of what looked like green morocco caught my attention; at one time I used to dabble in bookbinding. I took down Henry Esmond from the shelf. To my bewilderment the book did not open until, passing my finger accidentally along what I thought was the edge of the pages, I saw the front cover suddenly fly out, disclosing a box. In my astonishment I almost dropped the volume, and a sheet of paper fell to the floor. I picked it up hastily and glanced at it. It was headed Kriegsministerium, Berlin, had the German imperial arms imprinted on it, and was covered with minute handwriting in German. I had barely slipped it back into the box and replaced the volume on the shelf when the colonel returned.

"Er—the—er—chief is not in," he said, "but you may see him tomorrow. You are interested in books?" he added, seeing me looking at the shelves. "I collect them. That is an interesting old volume on Cardinal Richelieu. I picked it up in Charing Cross Road for a shilling."

The volume was immediately above Henry Esmond. I took it down warily and expected something uncommon to happen, but it was only a musty old volume with torn leaves and soiled pages. I pretended to be interested.

"There is not much else there worth looking at, I think," said the colonel casually. "Well, good-by. Come in tomorrow."

I returned again the next day, and again I was shown into the apartment. My eyes fell instinctively on the bookshelf.

The colonel was in a genial mood. "I see you like my collection," he said. "That by the way is a fine edition of Thackeray." I felt my heart leap. "It is the most luxurious binding I have ever yet found. Would you not like to see it?"

I looked at him very hard, but his face was a mask. My immediate conclusion was that he wished to initiate me into the secrets of the department. I rose quickly and took down Henry Esmond, which was in exactly the same place as it had been in the day before. To my utter confusion it opened quite naturally, and I found in my hands nothing more than an edition *de luxe* printed on India paper and profusely illustrated! I stared, bewildered, at the shelf. Immediately above the vacant space stood the life of Cardinal Richelieu as it had stood yesterday. I replaced the volume and, trying not to look disconcerted, turned to the colonel.

His expression was quite impassive, even bored. "It is a beautiful edition," he repeated as if weary. "Now if you are ready, we will go and see—er—the chief!"

WHEN OUR FORBEARS LAUGHED
IN CHURCH

DURING a recent cold wave one member of a congregation, shivering in a drafty pew, which even the most modern heating apparatus had not made comfortable, recalled sympathetically an incident in the church history of the town that shows that a century ago the piety even of our devout ancestors was not absolutely weatherproof. Faithfully indeed, zero or no zero, they attended meeting in their unheated meetinghouses and sat through long-drawn-out sermons; but the happy prospect of getting home to blazing fires and smoking-hot dinners sometimes led to unseemly haste in their departure from the sacred precincts. At least, so thought Parson Milton of Newburyport.

Because of his bellowing great voice he was often called "Thundering Milton." He had noticed during a prolonged cold spell that as he neared the end of his sermon each pew door swung quietly open, ready for the occupants to start their home-bound rush down the aisle without an instant's loss of time. He concluded his final sentence and without a break continued at the top of his roaring voice:

"Amen and ye needn't hurry; your puddings won't get cold!"

The rush was modified to the requirements of decorum. Unfortunately, the next Sunday was even colder, and again, though ever so gently, the pews doors swung open. Parson Milton paused, glared and thunderously proclaimed:

"If you'll stop, I'll ask the blessing; if ye don't, I won't!"

They stopped.

Father Miles, with whom Dr. Lyman Beecher, the father of Harriet Beecher Stowe, sometimes exchanged pulpits, once interjected needful, though not admonitory, directions into a service at which the young Harriet was present, with an effect that was even more incongruous. He had just risen and had begun to read the opening hymn, "Sing to the Lord aloud," when he observed that Trip, the Beechers' dog, had followed the family and had sneaked into church.

"Father Miles," Harriet Beecher Stowe recorded long afterwards, "went on to give directions to the deacons to remove the dog in the same tone in which he read the hymns, so that the effect of the whole performance was somewhat as follows:

"Sing to the Lord aloud
Please put that dog out
And make a joyful noise—"

"We youngsters sank in waves and billows of hysterical giggles while Trip was put out, and the choir did its best to make a 'joyful noise.'"

The keen sense of humor of the devout and

gentle Harriet got her into trouble some years later when she was an assistant teacher in the Hartford Female Seminary and attended an evening service with her friend and pupil Sally Willis, daughter of Nathaniel Willis, the founder of *The Companion*. A worthy but peculiar little man, with a piping voice, a habit of rocking and rising from heels to tiptoes and a fatal facility in twisting the English language, had abruptly concluded a long discourse with an earnest falsetto aspiration that at the close of his earthly career he might be "elevated to heaven on the p'int of a privilege." The girls clutched each other; Sally giggled; Harriet, shocked, tried to reprove her and giggled too. Suddenly an irate old lady from the pew behind leaned forward and seized a shoulder of each culprit with such an indignant and forceful shake that, as Sara Willis used to relate, "she nearly bumped our startled best bonnets together."

A THOROUGH CHICKEN DINNER

INDIA has more than one kind of wizard. There is, for example, the Hindu cook, or butler, at the bungalows scattered along the roads for the convenience of travelers; you might well call him a wizard with food. It is astonishing, writes a contributor to Forest and Stream, what he will do for an unexpected guest at a moment's notice.

Often he will proudly produce a palatable dish that he calls mutton cutlets, which means that a village goat has met an untimely end, and incidentally that the sahib's rupees for the meal will more than pay for the whole animal! When all else fails there is always the *moorgi*, or country chicken, the ubiquitous *moorgi*.

I remember a bungalow banquet at which I was present. Several of us arrived hungry and tired and went to see the butler. The interview was something as follows:

"We want *tiffin* (lunch), butler."

"Very good, sar."

"How long will you be?"

"Half an hour, sar."

"What can you give us?"

"Today no mutton got it, sar."

"All right. Then what?"

"I give chicken soup, sar."

"Yes. And then?"

"Chicken cutlets, sar."

"Very well. And then?"

"Chicken curry, sar."

"Anything else?"

"Roast chicken, sar."

"All right. Cut along and hurry up."

In a few minutes there was pandemonium as the whole family of servants chased a couple of miserable long-legged chickens round the compound. In an incredibly short time the banquet was spread before us.

**THE EMBARRASSMENT OF A
"COLONEL"**

WHEN Col. E. M. House visited Berlin in the spring of 1914 the kaiser invited him to attend the annual festival that the Hohenzollerns were holding in honor and glorification of the German military. That the stolid war lords must have got a strange notion of the American army is evident from the account of Colonel House's experience at the feast. In spite of the gravity of the occasion, says Mr. Burton J. Hendrick in the World's Work, his memory of the feast is slightly tinged with the ludicrous.

Colonel House had spent the better part of his life vainly trying to rid himself of his military title. Now he was embarrassed because the solemn German officers, who regarded him as an important part of the American army, persisted in discussing technical and strategical problems. Colonel House tried several times to explain that he was merely a "geographical colonel," and that the title was conferred informally on Americans, especially Southerners, and had no military significance. But the round-faced Teutons stared at his explanation in blank amazement; they could not grasp the point at all and continued to ask his opinion of matters that were purely military.

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A NIGHT IN THE CAMP AT EIGHTY-SIX VERSTS

By W. Waldo Weller

IT was a clear crisp afternoon well along toward the middle of December. A very heavy snow had fallen earlier in the week, and a drop in temperature had followed, so that the weather was intensely cold. Major Melasky, commanding officer of the American camp at Razzolnaya, had placed his engine and two box cars at our disposal for the run up the Trans-Siberian Railway to the camp at Eighty-six Versts, and by three o'clock the camp interpreter, Smith, who in spite of his familiar name spoke Russian fluently, had so adroitly managed with the train dispatcher that the clearance for the run was in our hands. The little Russian engine was snorting and fuming. The steam was sizzling in the cold air, and from a car in the yards soldiers were hurriedly salvaging coal for the stove in one of the box cars. Finally the major and the captain ordered us to board the "special," and a moment later our party of a dozen soldiers and officers were huddled round the stove, and the bump of the wheels and the swaying of the car told us we were off for Eighty-six Versts.

Lying like a great picture of dazzling white, resplendent in the cold sunlight, the sweeping plains of Siberia stretched all round us. Sledges drawn by Siberian ponies trailed along in the distance, and now and then we would pass Kolchak officers and soldiers, warmly clad and swinging along at a lively gait; at times a train of box cars filled with Japanese soldiers would pull by. But the cold was too intense to keep the door of the car open, and we were compelled therefore to be contented with the fleeting glimpses that we could obtain from the small windows high in each corner of the car. Thus we ran along during the afternoon until just before sunset, and then as the sun was sinking toward the frozen rim of the horizon we came to a sudden stop in front of the low, long barracks of Eighty-six Versts, the headquarters of a strong detachment of American soldiers who were guarding the strategic sweep in the Trans-Siberian Railway at that point; for at that time attacks were being made on the railway, the stations were being robbed and burned, and the right of way was being damaged. Even the Harbin and Omsk express had been wrecked several times.

We climbed down from our car and, pounding our feet on the frozen ground, drew down the flaps of our fur hats and pulled our sheepskins well up about our faces. It gave promise of being one of those desperately cold nights when the wind cuts like a knife and pierces the thickest Red Cross sweaters and woolens as if they were tissue paper. For the boys on guard mount during the long night only furs would turn the cutting wind; sudden drowsiness was but the warning of that terrible but easiest of deaths, freezing. Farther up the line, many a Japanese soldier, not inured to cold, had been taken up from the outpost hole, frozen and dead.

We pushed impatiently into the long, low quarters of our men at Eighty-six Versts. Then, gathering round the funnel-shaped barrack stove in the corner, we surveyed the interior. Soldiers' cots with an aisle between them stretched in front of us in a double row. Halfway between floor and ceiling an extra floor had been constructed on one side to make a double-decked arrangement that provided quarters for the cots and equipment of an added number of men, for the post was strongly manned. Boxes of rifle, automatic and machine-gun ammunition were placed at regular intervals at the foot of the cots, and as darkness fell candles were stuck on them; the little yellow flames shed an uncertain light up and down the low, long room. On the walls of each soldier's bunk hung equipment of all kinds that ranged from ammunition belts and rifles to those articles of personal use with which our soldiers in the field make themselves a pretense of home.

As the boys came and went or lay about on their bunks awaiting evening "chow" the most indifferent observer must have been impressed with the picturesque scene both within and without.

Outside the moon had already risen, and a few stars were shining with the startling clearness that is their characteristic in Siberia. Guards had already been called out, and you

could hear the crunch, crunch of the snow beneath their feet. Already the thermometer was dropping rapidly and gave promise of that bitter cold which descends as the night advances—cold that sends an icy touch to the very marrow. Buttoning their long, warm sheepskins to their eyes, dropping the flaps of their fur caps and fastening the face guards of fur to prevent their noses from freezing, the details for the guards of the outposts passed out to their stations one by one. The patrols of the tracks likewise made ready for a night of severe battle with the Siberian cold. High in the heavens hung a full moon of much splendor, and far and wide stretched such a scene of marvelous beauty, verst after verst off into the frozen distance of the plains, that you could forget even the cold for a moment and stand overcome with the grandeur of the picture.

Within the quarters the scene was full of liveliest animation. Evening mess was over; the clank, clank of mess kits and of knives, forks and spoons had ceased. The stoves in the corners were red-hot roaring furnaces, and one big fellow chuckled to himself as he slammed one of the doors shut on a glowing mass of fire: "I didn't fire on the Grand Trunk sixteen months for nothing."

All the candles were now lit; the Manchurian express had rolled safely by, and the Harbin express going north had also passed. The steady rumbling of first-class trains and of troop trains bore eloquent testimony to the effectiveness of the American guard of the Trans-Siberian Railway. So the evening began. Soon a great circle of men formed round the foot of the bunks; in the candlelight thirty or more faces stood out in sharp contrast against the black background. We began to talk of Russia, of America, of the East, and there we sat as the hours passed. Details of the guard came and went; the patrols, rifles at right shoulder, passed and repassed the low windows; you could see them clearly in the flood of moonlight. Inside in the warm and snug, if not luxurious, quarters the American soldier far out in Siberia proved what our soldiers have proved everywhere they have been stationed—his intelligence and his astonishing mental alertness. We talked of idealism, of people, of the Russians themselves, and I would indeed have been a stolid and phlegmatic American if my heart had not warmed with deepest admiration for all that is good and worthy in the American soldier on the frozen plains of Siberia.

But now our hour for diversion has arrived; so out come the banjos, the bells and all the musical instruments. So also come the stories, the adventures, until at last taps sounds. We must go to bed. The new patrol details, clustering for a moment by the hot stoves, are just strapping on their automatons; then a push for the doors, and out they go into the cold. We find our bunks, unlace our boots, slip into our sleeping bags and, listening for a moment to the sounds out in the night, fall off asleep just as the "buddy" on our left whispers, "Say, I hope you wait for breakfast. I tell you we have the best hotcakes and syrup in Siberia."



HIS DEGREE

ELI BROWN, a dark impressive figure in his long, black clerical coat, a gift of the rector of St. James's, had come, says a writer in Harper's, in answer to a post card of mine, asking him to whitewash my back fence. "Ise done moved, Miss Ma'y," he said when he had explained to me that he could not do the work that day, since noon service at St. James's necessitated his presence at the organ bellows, "an' I reckon I'll jest leave my card so you kin know whar to sen' for me when you wants me ag'in."

With an expression of dignified gratification he unfolded a scrap of church announcement leaflet that he had pulled out of the pocket of his waistcoat and handed me a card with the words: "Eli Brown, E. O. B., 50 Fenchurch Street."

"What do these letters stand for?" I asked. "Why, Miss Ma'y, all de quality in our congregation has letters after their names. Dr. Price, he has D.D., Dr. Simmons has M.D. an' there's LL.D. for some of 'em and U.S.N. for dat Yankee offcer, an' coose I naterally has 'em, too."

"But what do they mean?" I insisted.

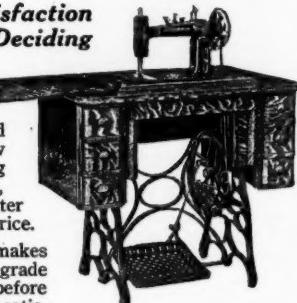
"Now, Miss Ma'y, don' you know? E.O.B.—Episcopal organ blower. Dat's what I is."

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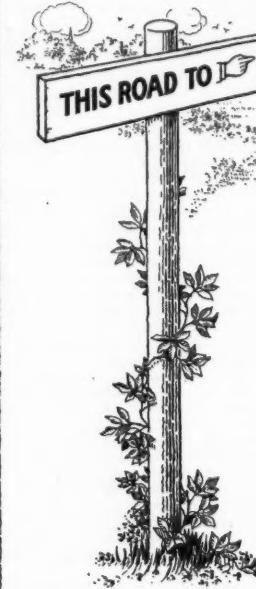
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The Youth's Companion

Commonwealth Avenue and St. Paul Street, Boston, Mass.

IMPETIGO

IMPETIGO, or scrumpox as it is called in England and also in some parts of this country, is an acute and contagious inflammatory affection of the skin that occurs frequently in epidemics, especially in asylums and wherever there are large numbers of children. But though the disease attacks by preference infants and young children, boys and girls of school age are not immune.

The eruption begins as a number of small spots of congestion on which within a short time vesicles, or minute blisters, form. The covering of the vesicles is so thin that they rupture easily and give forth a clear sticky fluid that dries into crusts resembling drops of honey. In the case of older children and young adults the crusts may not form; the fluid may evaporate and leave smooth shining spots covering the points of congestion. The eruption is not painful, but it may cause some burning or itching, which, unfortunately, leads to scratching, which infects other areas of the skin and so produces successive crops. The seat of the original eruption is usually the face,—the cheeks, the chin, the lips or the forehead may be sprinkled with the honeylike amber crusts,—but any part of the body may be inoculated by scratching and then may show the characteristic eruption.

Though impetigo is a germ disease, the offending microbes can find lodgment only when the epidermis, or scurf skin, is removed by scratching or by abrasion. In boys' schools an epidemic of impetigo sometimes follows a football game; one of the players may have a slight eruption on his face and in the general scrimmage may pass the germs on to others with whom he comes into rough contact, and they in turn may infect still others, so that sometimes nearly all the players on both teams soon show evidences of the disease.

The treatment is by means of antiseptic applications after the crusts have been soaked off with olive oil. Among the best applications is a mild mercurial ointment. When the patches of congestion first appear painting with tincture of iodine may arrest the progress of the eruption. Even a saturated solution of boric acid, if kept constantly applied, may effect a cure.



LOST, A PROMOTION

META CARRICK hung up her jaunty hat and fur coat and revealed a new gown with the latest-style girdle. But oddly enough she was not thinking of the new gown; she responded absently when Myrtle Bright spoke of it. "Yes," she said, "it is good-looking, isn't it? Miss Reed in Mackenzie's gave me the tip. It's a sample—not on sale yet. Say, girls, I had a chat with Rudolph."

Martha Erskine's face did not change. Yet Meta knew that Martha disliked hearing anyone speak of a man without using the title mister. Somehow Martha irritated her, though Meta never had taken the trouble to decide just why. Now, looking straight at Martha, she repeated her statement. "Yes, sir," she continued. "Wasn't it luck? I met Rudolph on the stairs, and he called me into the office to ask something about the vouchers in the Dunlap contract. I didn't miss my chance, I'll tell the world! I just hinted that I had had three other positions offered me."

"O Meta, you didn't!" Martha exclaimed.

"O Martha, I did!" Meta mimicked angrily. "Why not, Miss Last Century? You've got to do your own pushing if you want to get anywhere. I've never discovered that anybody was standing round waiting to do it for me! It strikes me it works pretty well." Meta's glance swept from her gown with its unmistakable air to Martha's plain trim dress.

But Martha did not notice the glance. "Oh, I believe in pushing yourself," she replied. "But I think the right way to do it is to do your best possible work. To tell how many chances you have had—well, it's like telling a man that he isn't keen enough to see what good work you do. Besides, it doesn't seem—loyal—"

"Bosh!" Meta interrupted her. But for a moment the girl was uneasy; then the feeling passed. She was quite as expert as Martha Erskine, and she knew what an asset she had in her air of health and competence! She felt very sure that

THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

no man in his senses would hesitate in choosing between the two in a matter of promotion.

A week later, when a vacancy occurred, Mr. Rudolph did not hesitate. He chose Martha. Then he called Meta to his office and told her why. "You do good work, Miss Carrick," he said. "But we value very highly a quality called loyalty. To boast constantly of opportunities elsewhere seemed to us a bit inconsistent with that feeling. I am telling you this because you have so much ability that it seems a pity you should miss opportunities because of a thing so easily remedied."

Meta came from the interview with high color and angry eyes. "Resign?" she cried in answer to Myrtle Bright's question. "You bet I resigned! Anybody who would choose Martha Erskine!"



WITH THE HELP OF DIXIE

LOVD GEORGE is nothing if not thorough. Mr. Henry Morgenthau in his autobiography cites an incident to show the pains that the man would take to gain his end—even when the thing he wanted was merely a stepping stone to something greater.

During the peace conference, says Mr. Morgenthau, the premier was keen to gain favor with those close to President Wilson, and one night he invited to dine with him Adm. Cary T. Grayson, whom he knew to be not only Mr. Wilson's physician but one of his personal confidants as well. Now Admiral Grayson is a Southerner of the Southerners; he was born in Culpepper County, Virginia, and had studied at William and Mary College.

Consequently he "pricked up his ears" when Lloyd George's entire table conversation was of America which lies south of Mason and Dixon's line. The premier was specially familiar with the career of Stonewall Jackson, for whom he professed warm admiration. Finally after dinner Lloyd George's nieces went to the piano and sang—American Southern melodies!

That was too much for Admiral Grayson. "How is it," he said, "that you all have such an intimate knowledge of my part of America?"

Perhaps the direct query took the premier by surprise. At any rate he replied: "Well, you see, I have just finished reading Henderson's life of Stonewall Jackson."

Admiral Grayson's response was in the good old American fashion: "My dear sir, no matter what office you run for, you'll have my vote!"



GAME ANIMALS IN ALASKA

WE mourn the passing of the bison from its free life in the West, but the world is wide, and some parts seem so secure against permanent settlement that game will probably find them in a sanctuary for many, many generations. The late Rev. Dr. Hudson Stuck, writing in *Country Life*, gives this encouraging picture of the swarming wild life of Alaska:

Within the timber in the lower regions of the newly created McKinley National Park, which perhaps is the greatest of all natural preserves in the whole interior, we saw moose signs everywhere, and as we passed from the spruce into the willows and so to the upper hillsides at from two thousand to three thousand feet we could always spot bands of caribou with the field glass; and when we reached four thousand feet I don't remember ever looking out of the tent without seeing mountain sheep.

Between the Tanana and the Yukon River is another great game region, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles wide and from four hundred to five hundred miles long, in which roam herds of caribou almost incredibly large. On one occasion we came upon a division of the great migrating band and were informed later that the number of animals might be roughly estimated at between two hundred and fifty thousand and three hundred thousand. At another time I saw the whole range of hillsides as far as the eye could reach one moving mass of the animals; the surface of the snow was almost entirely obscured, so that the hillsides were brown rather than white.



"HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!"

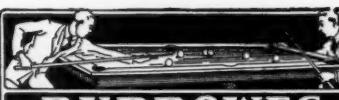
NOT long ago a woman who was playing a bugle in the Boulevard Montmartre in Paris and collecting money was recognized, just as the police were taking her to the station, as the Princess Poltcochhof, a former lady in waiting to the czarina. She was destitute and had been reduced to that means of getting food. A compatriot who knew her succeeded in obtaining her release.



BEHAVING MANNERLY AT TABLE

MY dear," said a thoughtful lady of whom Punch knows, addressing a small boy who with his parents was a guest at her table, "wouldn't you like to have your meat cut up for you?"

"Oh, no, thank you," replied the boy with great politeness, though he did not look up or desist from his determined struggle with his helping of beef. "We often have meat quite as tough as this at home."



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Two Books

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

Sister Sue Mrs. Porter considered Sister Sue (completed just before her death) the best story she had ever written—an opinion with which her multitude of readers will agree.

Eighteen-year-old Sue's daydreams of celebrity as a pianist suddenly dissolve when her father goes bankrupt, and the family are forced to leave Boston and move to a little New England village. In these changed conditions, Sister Sue quickly becomes the mainstay of her family, nursing her broken-down father, developing her flighty sister and selfish brother into young people to be proud of, and making a living for the entire household by giving music lessons to the children of the village.

Sister Sue is one of those rainbow characters of great and shining beauty that Mrs. Porter created with so sure a hand. To the gladness of Pollyanna, the inspiration of Just David, and the charm of Mary Marie, she has added a touch that brought into being a character who will live in every reader's heart as the perfect embodiment of joy through self-sacrifice.

Mary Marie "Father calls me Mary. Mother calls me Marie. Everybody else calls me Mary Marie. The rest of my name is Anderson. I'm thirteen years old, and I'm a crosscurrent and a contradiction."

But Mary Marie, the heroine of Mrs. Porter's new novel, is more than "a crosscurrent and a contradiction"; she is the most intensely alive and adorable girl that has brightened American literature for many years.

When the story opens her father and mother have just separated, and Mary Marie is to spend six months alternately with each parent.

The story then develops as the austere father is softened and comes to prefer the name of Marie and the mother's character is transformed to the point of calling her daughter Mary. In the end the girl brings the parents together.

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Is there in your wardrobe a particularly precious and costly blouse of sheer silk—perhaps embroidered, perhaps trimmed with filmy chiffon—which you have never been willing to trust to soap and water?

It would probably stand clear water, but—the soap!

Think! There must be a soap in some form, white, mild and gentle enough for such a garment. But how can soaps be tested—before you actually imperil a garment of such value?

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